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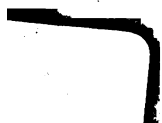
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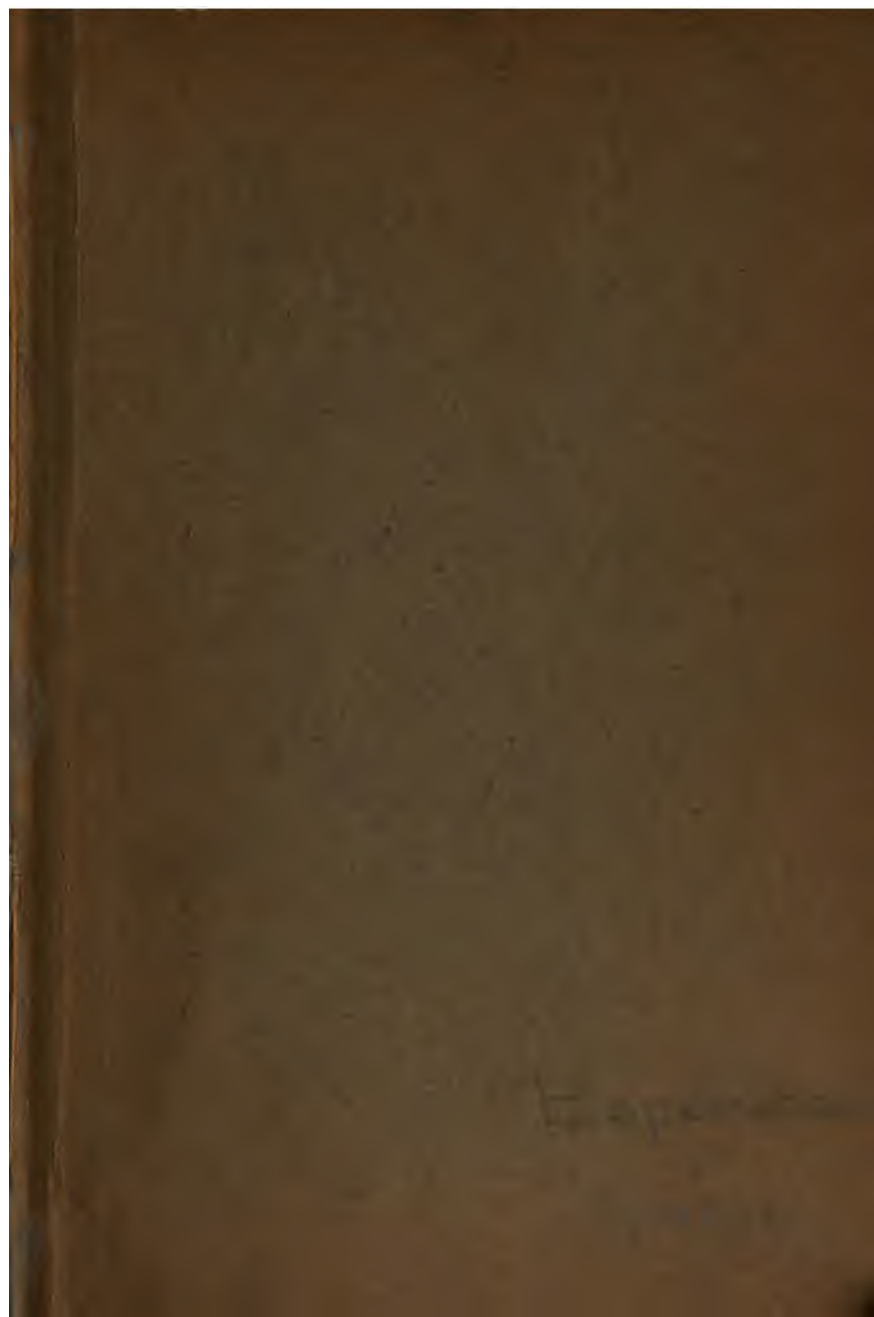
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FORENSIC
DECLAMATIONS

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

EDITED BY

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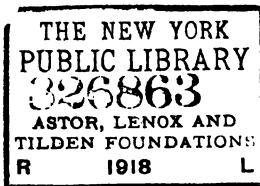


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INTRODUCTION

In the title of this little book the word *forensic* is used in its broadest sense. The exercises which have been chosen for practice in declamation have been taken mainly from the oratory of the *forum*. The chief sources of these selections are the debates of legislative bodies and deliberative assemblies, the special pleadings of the law court, of the hustings, and of the mass meeting, and the arguments of the political pamphlet and of the occasional address.

All true oratory is persuasive. Public speaking which aims only to explain or to instruct does not deserve the name of oratory ; but public speaking which not only convinces the intellect and shapes belief, but also arouses the emotions, stirs the soul, and influences conduct, is oratory of the truest type. True oratory, then, the art of convincing and persuading men, appeals both to the intellect and to the emotions. Its ultimate aim is to influence the thoughts and feelings and actions of men.

This is certainly the most practical and useful sort of public speaking. That our schools and colleges have of late years come to recognize the importance of

careful training in this kind of public speaking is only another sign of the strong practical tendency of modern education. In almost all our secondary schools and higher institutions of learning there has been a marked increase of intelligent interest in oratory and debate. Educators have been led to give special attention to training of this kind because they see that proficiency in practical public speaking is likely to be most immediately serviceable to young men if they are to take an active part in public affairs. The well-trained public speaker and the skillful debater are likely to be among the most useful and most influential members of any community.

Before the student, however, takes up the more difficult work of composing orations and of participating in public debates, it is desirable that he should have some practice in the art of public speaking. In most high schools and colleges such preliminary practice usually takes the form of an exercise in declamation. In preparing for this exercise the difficult question that generally confronts the young student is, "Where shall I find a suitable piece to speak"? To meet the need of such students, this little book of eloquence has been compiled. The editor has aimed not only to furnish the student with suitable selections for declamation, but to bring together a large number of short speeches and orations which will serve as suggestive models for his subsequent work.

It will be readily apparent, therefore, why all poetic, humorous, and dramatic selections have been excluded from this book. It is only the professional entertainer who is likely to be called upon to give an elocutionary interpretation of a poem or a dramatic situation. The skill of the humorist, of the impersonator, or of the professional elocutionist is usually quite different from the skill of the successful orator. It has therefore been thought most sensible and practical to select exercises for declamation from the actual orations and addresses of eminent public speakers.

Practice in declaiming the speeches of others forms the best possible preliminary training in public speaking. It is by such exercises that the young speaker can best learn the technique of his art. When he has once memorized a declamation, he is free to give his conscious attention to all the means of oratorical effectiveness. He can then carefully attend to such important matters as position, emphasis, gestures, pauses, enunciation, the management of the voice, and the numerous details that the average student can master only by conscious effort and constant practice.

The selections that have been chosen are mostly short, varying from two to six minutes in length. A short declamation, if carefully prepared, will, it is believed, form quite as valuable an exercise in effective speaking as a long one; the lengthy declamation, on the other hand, very often degenerates into a merely

mechanical exercise of the memory. Thus stiffness of position, monotonous delivery, and rhythmical utterance—all of them common faults with the unpracticed speaker—are likely to be the unpleasant accompaniments of the long speech that taxes the memory.

These extracts, though widely varied in subject, are yet, for the most part, closely related to the history and the present problems of our country. A few speeches of a different sort, dealing with matters of vital human interest, have also been included. The editor has sought only what is likely to be serviceable, and has not inserted any selection merely for the sake of novelty. No apology is deemed necessary for reprinting a number of the old favorites in this collection. Some American orations have become classics. Such speeches as Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" and Patrick Henry's "Call to Arms," however hackneyed to the instructor, are fresh to every new generation of students, and familiarity with them should form part of the education of every American youth.

It is not the purpose of this Introduction to set forth the principles of elocution or the essentials of successful oratory. Many valuable text-books on the subject have been published, and the student is referred to them. Several treatises likely to be especially valuable to the public speaker are Mr. James E. Murdoch's "Analytic Elocution," Mr. Ralph C. Ringwalt's "Modern American Oratory," Mr. F. Townsend

Southwick's "Steps to Oratory," Mr. Albert M. Bacon's "Manual of Gesture," and Professor Francis T. Russell's "Vocal Culture."

It is well to bear in mind, however, that the many details of delivery can, from one point of view, be reduced to a single principle. "The successful speaker," says Mr. Raymond M. Alden in his "Art of Debate," "is one who is able to reach and move his audience. To do this he must not speak as though talking to himself, or into the air, but must talk to *them*. He must reach out after them, must touch them by his speech, must enter into their sympathies so as to move their feelings and wills. Two great facts must be in his mind: his *subject* and his *audience*. To bring these two together, as he sees them, is the whole end of his work. Himself he must for the time being forget. If this principle is operating in an ideal way, the brain will act logically, the style will move in orderly and fluent lines, and the whole physical man, as well as the man of thought and feeling, will be at his best."

The editor desires to express his thanks to those publishers who have generously allowed him to use copyrighted material and to the many public men who have given him permission to reprint extracts from their speeches.

A. H. E.

STATE COLLEGE, PA., *June, 1901.*

FORENSIC DECLAMATIONS

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE

HENRY B. STANTON

Taken from an address on "Ultraists, Conservatives, Reformers," delivered before the Adelpic Union Society of Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., August 20, 1850.

In every enlightened age, eloquence has been a controlling element in human affairs. Eloquence is not a gift, but an art ; not an inspiration, but an acquisition ; not an intuition, but an attainment. Excellence in this art is attained only by unwearied practice and the careful study of the best models. The models lie all around us. The rest is within us. Demosthenes and Cicero will be household words, in all climes, to the end of time. But the more one studies the masters of Grecian and Roman eloquence, the more readily will he yield to the growing opinion that England, France, and America, during the last sixty or seventy years, have produced a greater number of eloquent orators than flourished in all Grecian and Roman history. As objects increase in size when seen through

a mist, so men tower into giants when seen through the haze of antiquity.

Without neglecting the ancient models, let us study those of our own times. From both we may catch some of that inspiration which bound the audience to the orator, and bade him play upon their emotions as the master touches the keys of his familiar instrument; which subdued them to tears or convulsed them with laughter; which bore them aloft on the wing of imagination, or blanched them with horror, while narration threw upon the canvas the colors which held the judgment and the fancy captive, as reason forged the chain of argument, and poetry studded its links with the gems of illustration; which poured over the subject a flood of rare knowledge, laden with the contributions of all sciences and all ages; which gamboled in playful humor, or barbed the point of epigram, or sketched the laughing caricature, gliding from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with majesty and grace;—that inspiration which, as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment, made Felix tremble; as Demosthenes anathematized Macedonia, made the Greeks cry out, “Lead us against Philip”; at the thrilling tones of Patrick Henry, made America ring with the shout, “Give us liberty, or give us death”; when the thunder of Danton shook the dome of the Convention, roused all Paris to demand the head of Louis; and lashed into fury or hushed into repose acres of wild peasantry, as the voice of O’Connell rose or fell.

COLUMBUS

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

An extract from the Columbian Oration, delivered at the Dedication Ceremonies of the World's Fair at Chicago, Ill., October 21, 1892. Printed by permission.

The overthrow of the Mahometan power in Spain would have been a forgotten scene in one of the innumerable acts in the grand drama of history had not Isabella conferred immortality upon herself, her husband, and their dual crown, by her recognition of Columbus. The devout spirit of the queen and the high purpose of the explorer inspired the voyage, subdued the mutinous crew, and prevailed over the raging storms. They covered with the divine radiance of religion and humanity the degrading search for gold and the horrors of its quest, which filled the first century of conquest with every form of lust and greed.

The mighty soul of the great admiral was undaunted by the ingratitude of princes and the hostility of the people, by imprisonment and neglect. He died as he was securing the means and preparing a campaign for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the infidel. He did not know, what time has revealed, that, while the mission of the crusades of Godfrey of Bouillon and Richard of the Lion Heart was a bloody and fruitless romance, the discovery of America was the salvation of the world. The one was the symbol, the other the spirit; the one death, the other life. The tomb of the Savior was a narrow and empty vault,

precious only for its memories of the supreme tragedy of the centuries; but the new continent was to be the home and temple of the living God.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision, and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monuments, and innumerable millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

THE CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH PURITANS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

An extract from the conclusion of Macaulay's "Essay on Milton," first published in the *Edinburgh Review*, August, 1825.

The Puritans were the most remarkable body of men which the world has ever produced. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision.

The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their long graces, [sic] their contempt of

human learning, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned. Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, and made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests.

They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through a veil, they aspired to gaze full on His intolerable brightness and to commune with Him face to face. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the register of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their places were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. They prostrated themselves in the dust before their Maker; but they set their feet on the neck of their King.

THE MAYFLOWER

EDWARD EVERETT

From an oration on the "First Settlement of New England,"
delivered at Plymouth, Mass., December 22, 1824.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel.

I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on

board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months they were all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollections of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some or all of them united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

THE PURITANS OF NEW ENGLAND

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE

This extract forms the conclusion of Mr. Whipple's review of Neal's "History of the Puritans," which first appeared in the *North American Review*, January, 1845. This review is found in Vol. I. of Mr. Whipple's "Essays and Reviews," and is here reprinted by special permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, the publishers.

The Puritans—there is a charm in that word which will never be lost on a New England ear. It is closely associated with all that is great in New England history. It is hallowed by a thousand memories of obstacles overthrown, of dangers nobly braved, of sufferings unshrinkingly borne, in the service of freedom and religion. It kindles at once the pride of ancestry, and inspires the deepest feelings of national veneration. It points to examples of valor in all its modes of manifestation,—in the hall of debate, on the field of battle, before the tribunal of power, at the martyr's stake. It is a name which will never die out of New England hearts. Wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for religion's sake, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principles, there will be the spirit of the Puritans.

- They have left deep and broad marks of their influence on human society. Their children, in all times, will rise up and call them blessed. A thousand witnesses of their courage, their industry, their sagacity, their invincible perseverance in well-doing, their love

of free institutions, their respect for justice, their hatred of wrong, are all around us, and bear grateful evidence daily to their memory. We cannot forget them, even if we had sufficient baseness to wish it. Every spot of New England earth has a story to tell of them; every cherished institution of New England society bears the print of their minds.

The strongest element of New England character has been transmitted with their blood. So intense is our sense of affiliation with their nature, that we speak of them universally as our "fathers." And though their fame everywhere else were weighed down with calumny and hatred, though the principles for which they contended, and the noble deeds they performed, should become the scoff of sycophants and oppressors, and be blackened by the smooth falsehoods of the selfish and the cold, there never will be wanting hearts in New England to kindle at their virtues, nor tongues and pens to vindicate their name.

WILLIAM PENN

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

An extract from Mr. Burdette's "Life of William Penn," published in 1882, in the "American Worthies" Series. Copyright by the publishers, Henry Holt & Company. Reprinted by permission.

Born in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged

his conscience. A favored member of a court where statesmanship was intrigue and trickery, and where the highest morality was corruption, he never stained his hand with a bribe. Living under a government at war with the people, and educated in a school that taught the doctrine of passive obedience, his lifelong dream was of a popular government, of a state where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his nearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned aside from the broad, fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction that the hands of a king opened before him, and casting his lot with the sect which was weakest and most unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame and the reverence of the world, such as royalty could not promise and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model state, to-day no descendant bears his name. In the religious society for which he suffered imprisonment, persecution, and banishment from home, to-day no child of his blood and name walks in Christian fellowship or stands uncovered in worship. His name has faded out of the living meetings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave

stands doubtfully among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite or noble shapes of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliants of mighty states between the seas. His noblest epitaph is written in the state that bears his honored name. The little town he planned to be his capital has become a city larger in area than any European capital he knew. Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the state he planted in the wilderness by "deeds of peace." Out of the gloomy mines that slept beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model state sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe-lines, the world is lighted from the state of Penn, with a radiance to which the sons of the founder's sons were blind. Roaring blast and smoky forge and ringing hammer are tearing and beating the wealth of princes from the mines that the founder never knew.

Clasping the continent, from sea to sea stretches a chain of states as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law, a land that never felt the pressure of a throne and never saw a sceptre. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in an old historic hall still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines that he taught his colonists, proclaimed liberty throughout the land and to the inhabitants thereof. This is his monument; and every noble charity gracing the state he founded is his epitaph.

ENGLAND AND THE AMERICAN COLONIES

EDMUND BURKE

Taken from the peroration of Burke's speech on "Conciliation with the Colonies," delivered in the House of Commons, March 22, 1775.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, yet are as strong as the links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation,—the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, wherever that chosen race—the sons of England—worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends will you have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere: it is a weed that grows in every soil. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is

the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and, through them, secures to you the wealth of the world. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine that it is the Land-tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

TAXATION OF AMERICA

EDMUND BURKE

From Burke's famous speech on "American Taxation," delivered in the House of Commons, April 19, 1774.

Let us embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you

do, speak out ; name, fix, ascertain this revenue ; settle its quantity ; define its objects ; provide for its collection ; and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob ; if you kill, take possession : and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you !

Again and again, revert to your old principles,—seek peace and ensue it ; leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions ; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished forever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade ; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burthen them with taxes ; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools ; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very sources of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the un-

limited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, what will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery.

*A PLEA FOR THE DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE*

RICHARD HENRY LEE

An extract from a speech delivered in the Continental Congress, June 5, 1776, in favor of the Declaration of Independence.

Why do we longer delay? Why do we still deliberate? Let us complete the enterprise already so well commenced; and since our union with England can no longer consist with that liberty and peace which are our chief delight, let us dissolve these fatal ties and conquer forever that good which we already enjoy,—an entire and absolute independence.

Let this most happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to reëstablish the reign of peace and of law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us. She demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may

find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprung up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its shade all the unfortunate of the human race.

This is the end presaged by so many omens, by our first victories, by the present ardor and union, by the flight of Howe and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people, by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators will be placed by posterity at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been and will be forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens.

BRITISH RULE IN AMERICA

PATRICK HENRY

From a speech delivered at Richmond, Va., March 28, 1775, before the second Revolutionary Convention, in support of the resolution that "the Colony of Virginia be immediately put into a posture of defense." This extract and the following one include all but the two introductory paragraphs of this famous "Call to Arms."

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know

of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be "betrayed with a kiss!" Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last "arguments" to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and to rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in

every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS

PATRICK HENRY

The conclusion of a speech delivered at Richmond, Va., March 28, 1775, before the second Revolutionary Convention, in support of the resolution that "the Colony of Virginia be immediately put into a posture of defense."

In vain may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged our-

selves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

➔ They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "Peace! peace!"—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM

GEORGE BANCROFT

This splendid piece of eloquence is taken from the beginning of Chapter XI., Volume I., of Bancroft's "History of the American Revolution," first published in 1852.

Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands, and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South and East and West, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot; its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean

river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs at Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York, in one more at Philadelphia, the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore, then it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward, without a halt, to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

"For God's sake, forward it by night and day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and dispatched it to Charleston, and, through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky, so that hunters who made their halt in the valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the nineteenth day of April, 1776, by naming their encampment "Lexington." With one impulse the Colonies sprung to arms; with one

spirit they pledged themselves to each other, "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or death!"

"YOU CANNOT CONQUER AMERICA"

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

This extract is taken from Lord Chatham's most famous speech, delivered in the House of Lords, November 8, 1777, on a motion for an Address to the Throne.

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known: no man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot,—I venture to say it—you *cannot* conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America.

My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have

done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant place of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince. Your efforts are forever vain and impotent,—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

THE MINUTE-MAN OF THE REVOLUTION

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

This extract is taken from an oration delivered at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1875, at the Centennial Celebration of Concord Fight. It is here reprinted by special permission from the "Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

The minute-man of the American Revolution—who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guarantee of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die—or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing-school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier,—

"I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

The minute-man of the Revolution!—he was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two

years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother, that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town-meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day; him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here among these peaceful fields—here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and, eighty-six years later, gave it, first also, for a truer union and a larger liberty—here in the heart of Middlesex, county of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge!

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

This speech was delivered by General Washington to his troops just before the battle of Long Island, August 26, 1776.

The time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves, whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves to be consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and the conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion. If we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only ; and they have

every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember that they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it. If they are opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS

JONATHAN MAXCY

The First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. The Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, D.D., (1768–1820), was a Baptist minister and college president. He delivered many occasional addresses and orations. A volume of his “Literary Remains” was published in 1844.

What men, what patriots, what independent, heroic spirits!—chosen by the unbiased voice of the people; chosen, as all public servants ought to be, without favor and without fear. What an august assembly of sages! Rome, in the height of her glory, fades before it. There never was, in any age or nation, a body of men who, for general information, for the judicious use of the results of civil and political history, for eloquence and virtue, for true dignity, elevation and grandeur of soul, could stand a comparison with the first American Congress. See what the people will do when left to themselves; to their unbiased good sense, and to their true

interests! The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall-door, and have fled thunderstruck as from an assembly of gods!

Whom do I behold? A Hancock, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Henry, a Lee, a Rutledge!—Glory to their immortal spirits! On you depend the destinies of your country, the fate of three millions of men and of the countless millions of their posterity! Shall these be slaves, or will you make a noble stand for liberty, against a power whose triumphs are already coextensive with the earth; whose legions trample on thrones and sceptres; whose thunders bellow on every ocean? How tremendous the occasion! How vast the responsibility!

The President and all the members of this august assembly take their seats. Every countenance tells the mighty struggle within. Every tongue is silent. It is a pause in nature, that solemn, awful stillness which precedes the earthquake and tornado! At length Demosthenes arises; he alone is adequate to the great occasion, the Virginian Demosthenes, the mighty Henry! What dignity! What majesty! Every eye fastens upon him. Firm, erect, undaunted, he rolls on the mighty torrent of his eloquence. What a picture does he draw of the horrors of servitude, and the charms of freedom! At once he gives the full rein to all his gigantic powers, and pours his own heroic spirit into the minds of his auditors; they become as one man, actuated by one soul: and the universal shout is, "Liberty or Death!"

THE WORLD-WIDE FAME OF WASHINGTON

ASHUR ROBBINS

Ashur Robbins was United States Senator from Rhode Island from 1825 to 1839. He was noted as an accomplished scholar and orator. He published a number of orations and addresses. Of these, perhaps the most famous is his oration on Washington, from which the following extract is taken.

It is the peculiar good fortune of this country to have given birth to a citizen, whose name everywhere produces a sentiment of regard for his country itself. In other countries, whenever and wherever this is spoken of to be praised, and with the highest praise, it is called the country of Washington. I believe there is no people, civilized or savage, in any place, however remote, where the name of Washington has not been heard, and where it is not respected with the fondest admiration. We are told that the Arab of the desert talks of Washington in his tent, and that his name is familiar to the wandering Scythian. He seems, indeed, to be the delight of human kind, as their beau-ideal of human nature. There is no American, in any part of the world, but has found the regard for himself increased by his connection with Washington, as his fellow-countryman. And who has not felt a pride, and had occasion to exult, in the fortunate connection?

Half a century and more has now passed away since he came upon the stage, and his fame first broke upon the world; for it broke like the blaze of day

from the rising sun—almost as sudden, and seemingly as universal. The eventful period since that era has teemed with great men, who have crossed the scene and passed off. Still Washington retains his preëminent place in the minds of men. Still his peerless name is cherished by them in the same freshness of delight as in the morn of its glory. History will keep her record of his fame; but history is not necessary to perpetuate it. In regions where history is not read, where letters are unknown, it lives, and will go down from age to age, in all future time, in their traditional lore. Who would exchange this fame, the common inheritance of our country, for the fame of any individual, which any country of any time can boast?

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

JARED SPARKS

An extract from "Remarks on American History," first published in 1837.

The American Revolution was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions, and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this Revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure or mar its beauty; the tongue mute that would dishonor their names by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this is our safety and our hope; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts, while it incites us to think as they

have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

ANDRÉ AND HALE

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

From an oration delivered September 23, 1880, at the centennial celebration of the capture of Major André, at Tarrytown, N. Y. Copyright by Chauncey M. Depew. Reprinted by permission.

Of the same age as André, Hale graduated at Yale College with high honors, enlisted in the patriot cause at the beginning of the contest, and secured the love and confidence of all about him. When none else would go upon a most important and perilous mission he volunteered, and was captured by the British. While André received every kindness, courtesy, and attention, and was fed from Washington's table, Hale was thrust into a noisome dungeon in the sugar-house. While André was tried by a board of officers and had ample time and every facility for defense, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While André's last wishes and behests were sacredly followed, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his cherished Bible and destroyed before his eyes his last letters to his mother and sister, and asked him what he had to say. "All I have to say," was his reply, "is, I regret I have but one life to lose for my country." His death was concealed for months, because Cunning-

ham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely.

And yet, while André rests in that grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memories of its most eminent and honored children, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion, and only a simple tomb in a village churchyard marks his resting-place. The dying declarations of André and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all her power, England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said André, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret I have but one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor, and life to the sacred cause.

THE DEATH OF NATHAN HALE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

From an address delivered at the unveiling of the statue of Nathan Hale, at Hartford, Conn., June 16, 1887.

It is the deed and the memorable last words we think of when we think of Nathan Hale. For all the man's life, all his character, flowered and bloomed into immortal beauty in this one supreme moment of self-sacrifice, triumph, defiance. The ladder on which the

deserted boy stood amidst the enemies of his country, when he uttered those last words, which all human annals do not parallel in simple patriotism—the ladder, I am sure, ran up to heaven, and if angels were not seen ascending and descending it in that gray morning, there stood the embodiment of American courage, unconquerable; American faith, invincible; American love of country, unquenchable; a new democratic manhood in the world, visible there for all men to take note of, crowned already with the halo of victory, in the Revolutionary Dawn. Oh, my Lord Howe! it seemed a trifling incident to you and to your bloodhound, Provost-marshal Cunningham; but those winged last words were worth ten thousand men to the drooping patriot army. Oh, your Majesty, King George the Third! here was a spirit, could you but have known it, that would cost you an empire; here was an ignominious death that would grow in the estimation of mankind, increasing in nobility above the fading pageantry of the exit of kings.

It was on a lovely Sunday morning, September 22, before the break of day, that he was marched to the place of execution. While awaiting the necessary preparations, a courageous young officer permitted him to sit in his tent. He asked for the presence of a chaplain; his request was refused. He asked for a Bible; it was denied. But at the solicitation of the young officer he was furnished with writing materials, and wrote briefly to his mother, his sister, and his betrothed. When the infamous Cunningham, to whom Howe had delivered him, read what was written, he

was furious at the noble and dauntless spirit shown, and with foul oaths tore the letters into shreds, saying afterward that "the rebels should never know that they had a man who could die with such firmness." As Hale stood upon the fatal ladder, Cunningham taunted him, and scoffingly demanded "his last dying speech and confession." The hero did not heed the words of the brute, but looking calmly on the spectators, said in a clear voice:

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

A REMINISCENCE OF LEXINGTON

THEODORE PARKER

Theodore Parker was tried before the United States Circuit Court for the "misdemeanor" of making a speech in Faneuil Hall against the "kidnapping of Thomas Simms." At his trial he conducted his own defense. The following extract is the conclusion of this speech, delivered before the Circuit Court in Boston, April 8, 1855.

One raw morning in spring—it will be eighty years the 19th day of this month—Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that Great Deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had "obstructed an officer" with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of Freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight, "for training." A great, tall man, with a large head and a high, wide

brow, their captain,—one who had “seen service,”—marshaled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade “every man load his piece with powder and ball. I will order the first man shot that runs away,” said he, when some faltered. “Don’t fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war, let it begin here.”

Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics “fired the shot heard round the world.” A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the Freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up, one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw—“Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind.”

Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome, in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian obelisks, have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt; but no chiseled stone has ever stirred me to such emotions as those rustic names of men who fell “In the Sacred Cause of God and their Country.”

Gentlemen, the spirit of Liberty, the love of Justice, was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It was my own name which stands chiseled on that stone; the tall Captain who marshaled his fellow farmers into stern array and spoke such

brave and dangerous words as opened the war of American Independence — the last to leave the field — was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible, and with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned also another religious lesson, that "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." I keep them both "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind," to use them both "In the Sacred Cause of God and my Country."

THE SURVIVORS OF BUNKER HILL

DANIEL WEBSTER

When the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid at Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825, Daniel Webster delivered the address, and took occasion to make the following speech to the survivors of the battle who were present.

Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the

impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake of the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE JUDICIARY

JAMES A. BAYARD

Abridged from a speech on the "Judiciary Act," delivered in the House of Representatives, February 19, 1802.

The morals of your people, the peace of the country, and the stability of government rest upon the independence of the Judiciary. Am I asked, "Would you render the judges superior to the legislature?" I answer, "No; but coördinate." "Would you render them independent of the legislature?" I answer, "Yes; independent of every power on earth, while they behave themselves well." The essential interests, the permanent welfare of society, require this independence. You calculate on the weaknesses of human nature and you suffer the judge to be dependent on no one, lest he should be partial to those on whom he depends. Justice does not exist where partiality prevails. A dependent judge cannot be impartial. Independence is therefore essential to the purity of your judiciary tribunals.

No power is so sensibly felt by society as that of the Judiciary. The life and property of every man is liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not to our interest to place our judges upon such high ground that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust. It prostrates them at the feet of faction. It renders them the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate; it is this

consequence which I deeply deplore. The question is, Shall the Judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implore you to consider the magnitude and value of the principle you are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences, but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But let their existence depend upon the power of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals.

THE EMBARGO

JOSIAH QUINCY

From a speech on the Embargo Resolution, delivered in the national House of Representatives, November 28, 1808. The Embargo was a measure of retaliation against Great Britain, which preceded the War of 1812.

I ask in what page of the Constitution you find the power of laying an embargo. Directly given, it is nowhere. Never before did society witness a total prohibition of all intercourse like this, in a commercial nation. But it has been asked in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain nymph as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim or she could run.

The ocean was her cradle. But an embargo liberty, a handcuffed liberty, liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster! Its parentage is all inland.

Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves! It is palpable submission! Gentlemen exclaim, "Great Britain smites us on one cheek!" And what does administration? "It turns the other also." Gentlemen say, "Great Britain is a robber; she takes our cloak." And what says administration? "Let her take our coat also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely! At every corner of this great city we meet some gentlemen of the majority wringing their hands, and exclaiming: "What shall we do? Nothing but an embargo will save us. Remove it, and what shall we do?"

It is not for me, a humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences, to suggest plans of government. But, to my eye, the path of our duty is as distinct as the Milky Way; all studded with living sapphires, glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation, of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776! It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist; on the ocean, as well as on the land.

But I shall be told, "This may lead to war." I ask, "Are we now at peace?" Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under

the lash be peace. The surest way to *prevent* war is *not to fear* it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse! Abandonment of essential rights is worse!

*DEFENSE OF HOFER, THE TYROLESE
PATRIOT*

ANDREAS HOFER

Andreas Hofer, an innkeeper of the Tyrol, headed a successful insurrection against the French in 1809. His enemies succeeded in capturing him by treachery, and he was shot by order of Napoleon at Mantua, Italy. He is said to have delivered the following speech just before his execution, February 20, 1810.

You ask what I have to say in my defense,—you, who glory in the name of France, who wander through the world to enrich and exalt the land of your birth,—you demand how I could dare to arm myself against the invaders of my native rocks? Do you confine the love of home to yourselves? Do you punish in others the actions which you dignify and reward among yourselves? Those stars which glitter on your breasts, do they hang there as a recompense for patient servitude?

I see the smile of contempt which curls your lips. You say: This brute,—he is a ruffian, a beggar! That patched jacket, that ragged cap, that rusty belt:—shall barbarians such as he close the pass against us, shower rocks on our heads, and single out our leaders with unfailing aim,—these groveling mountaineers,

who know not the joys and brilliance of life, creeping amidst eternal snows, and snatching with greedy hand their stunted ear of corn ?

Yet, poor as we are, we never envied our neighbors their smiling sun, their gilded palaces ; we never strayed from our peaceful huts to blast the happiness of those who had not injured us. The traveler who visited our valleys met every hand outstretched to welcome him ; for him every hearth blazed ; with delight we listened to his tale of distant lands. Too happy for ambition, we were not jealous of his wealth ; we have even refused to partake of it.

Frenchmen ! you have wives and children. When you return to your beautiful cities, amidst the roar of trumpets, the smiles of the lovely, and the multitudes shouting with triumph, they will ask, Where have you roamed ? What have you achieved ? What have you brought back to us ? Those laughing babes who climb upon your knees, will you have the heart to tell them, We have pierced the barren crags, we have entered the naked cottage to level it to the ground ; we found no treasures but honest hearts, and those we have broken because they throbbed with love for the wilderness around them ? Clasp this old firelock in your little hands ; it was snatched from a peasant of Tyrol, who died in the vain effort to stem our torrent ! Seated by your firesides, will you boast to your generous and blooming wives, that you have extinguished the last ember which lightened our gloom ?

Happy scenes ! I shall never see you more ! In those cold and stern eyes I read my fate. Think not

that your sentence can be terrible to me! but I have sons, daughters, and a wife who has shared all my labors; she has shared, too, my little pleasures,—such pleasures as that humble roof can yield,—pleasures that you cannot understand.

My little ones! Should you live to bask in the sunshine of manhood, dream not of your father's doom. Should you live to know it, know, too, that the man who has served his God and country with all his heart can smile at the musket leveled to pierce it. What is death to me? I have not reveled in pleasures wrung from innocence or want; rough and discolored as are these hands, they are pure. My death is nothing. O that my country could live! O that ten thousand such deaths could make her immortal!

Do I despair, then? No; we have rushed to the sacrifice, and the offering has been vain for us; but our children shall burst these fetters; the blood of virtue was never shed in vain. Freedom can never die! I have heard that you killed your king once, because he enslaved you; yet now, again, you crouch before a single man who bids you trample on all who abjure his yoke, and shoots you if you have the courage to disobey. Do you think that, when I am buried, there shall breathe no other Hofers? Dream you that, if to-day you prostrate Hofer in the dust, to-morrow Hofer is no more?

In the distance I see the liberty which I shall not taste; behind, I look on my slaughtered countrymen, on my orphans, on my desolate fields; but a star rises before my aching sight, which points to justice, and it

shall come. Before the sun has sunk below yon mountains, I shall awake in a paradise which you, perhaps, may never reach.

NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

This address was delivered to the Army of Italy, May 15, 1796.

Soldiers! You have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed or swept before you all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours; and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Republic. To your generosity only do the Dukes of Parma and Modena now owe their political existence. The army which proudly threatened you finds no remaining barrier of defense against your courage. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda, could not stop you a single day. Those vaunted ramparts of Italy proved insufficient; you traversed them as rapidly as you did the Apennines. Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried joy to the heart of your country. Your representatives have decreed a festival to be celebrated in all the communes of the Republic, in honor of your victories. There will your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, all who hold you dear, rejoice over your triumphs, and boast that you belong to them.

Yes, Soldiers, you have done much; but much

still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us that we knew how to conquer, but not how to profit by victory? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? Nay, fellow-soldiers! I see you already eager to cry, "To arms!" Inaction fatigues you; and days lost to glory are to you days lost to happiness. Let us, then, begone! We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; laurels to gather; and injuries to avenge! Let those who have sharpened the poniards of civil war in France, who have pusillanimously assassinated our Ministers, who have burned our vessels at Toulon,—let them now tremble! The hour of vengeance has knolled!

But let not the People be disquieted. We are the friends of every people; and more especially of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and other great men to whom we look as bright exemplars. To reëstablish the Capitol; to place there with honor the statues of the heroes who made it memorable; to rouse the Roman People, unnerved by many centuries of oppression,—such will be some of the fruits of our victories. They will constitute an epoch for posterity. To you, Soldiers, will belong the immortal honor of redeeming the fairest portion of Europe. The French People, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace, which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne the last six years. Then, by your own firesides you shall repose; and your fellow-citizens, when they point out any one of you, shall say: "He belonged to the Army of Italy!"

THE REIGN OF NAPOLEON

ALPHONSE LAMARTINE

This extract is taken from Lamartine's "*History of the Restoration*," first published in 1852.

The reign of Napoleon may be defined as the old world reconstructed by a new man. He covered over with glory the threadbare centuries. He was the first among soldiers, but not among statesmen. He was open to the past, but blind to the future. If this judgment be found too harsh, a mere glance will serve to convince one of its justice. Men are judged not by their fortune, but by their work. He had in his hand the greatest force Providence ever placed in the hand of a mortal to create a civilization or a nationality. What has he left? Nothing but a conquered country and an immortal name.

The world demanded a renovator. He made himself its conqueror. France was looking forward to the genius of reform, and he gave her despotism, discipline, and a uniform for each institution. Impiety covered all the official pomp of his creed. Instead of seeking religion in liberty he was eight centuries out of the way in parodying the rôle of Charlemagne, without having either the strong faith or the heroic sincerity of this Constantine of Gaul and Germany. To the need of equality of rights, he replied with the creation of a military nobility; to the need of free thought, with the censure and monopoly of the press. Intelligence languished. Letters became degraded, the arts became

servile, and ideas died. Victory alone could restrain the explosion of the independence of the people and the human spirit. The day when victory should cease to gild this yoke of the universe, it would appear what it was: the glory of one, the humiliation of all; a reproach to the dignity of the people, a call to the insurrection of the Continent.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY

HENRY GRATTAN

The famous "Invective against Mr. Corry," the sequel of which was a duel between Grattan and Corry, was delivered in the House of Commons during the heated debate on the union of Ireland with England, February 14, 1800. Corry had provoked Grattan by the remark that Grattan, instead of having a voice in the councils of his country, should have been standing as a culprit at her bar.

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from the honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the

magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not! It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a Privy Councilor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, in uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councilor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false! Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being

true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the Government! I defy their whole phalanx!—let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give them quarter nor take it!

AN APPEAL FOR LIBERTY

JOSEPH STORY

From an address delivered September 18, 1828, at the Bicentennial Celebration of the settlement of Salem, Mass.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this

precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No; I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon

a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country.

DEMOCRACY

Taken from an article published in the *Democratic Review*, a quarterly periodical which was published in New York City from 1838 to 1859, under the editorial direction of Mr. Thomas P. Kettell.

Democracy must finally triumph in human reason, because its foundations are deep in the human heart. The great mass, whose souls are bound by a strong fraternal sympathy, once relieved from ancient prejudices, will stand forth as its moveless champions. It fastens the affections of men, as the shield of their present liberties and the ground of their future hopes. They perceive in it a saving faith, a redeeming truth, a regulating power. It is the only creed which does justice to man, or that can bind the entire race in chains of brotherhood and love. Nothing sinks so deep into the hearts of the multitude, for nothing else is so identified with their moral and social good. Though the high and mighty of the earth may deride its simple truths, these are willing to die in their defense. Those truths are blended too closely with all for which it is worthy to live and glorious to perish, to be relinquished without a struggle or a pang. They are too firmly allied to the imperishable hopes, the

deathless aspirations, the onward triumphant march of humanity, ever to be deserted. The fortunes of individuals may change; empires be born and blotted out; kings rise and fall; wealth, honor, distinction, fade as the dying pageant of a dream: but Democracy must live. While man lasts, it must live. Its origin is among the necessary relations of things, and it can only cease to be when eternal truth is no more.

Democracy, in its true sense, is the last and best revelation of human thought: I speak, of course, of that true and genuine Democracy which breathes the air and lives in the light of Christianity, whose essence is justice, and whose object is human progress. I have no sympathy with much that usurps the name, like that fierce and turbulent spirit of ancient Greece, which was only the monstrous misgrowth of faction and fraud, or that Democracy whose only distinction is the slave-like observance of party usages—the dumb repetition of party creeds; and still less for that wild, reckless spirit of mobism which triumphs, with remorseless and fiendish exultation, over all lawful authority, all constituted restraint. The object of our worship is far different from these; the offering is made to a spirit which asserts a virtuous freedom of act and thought, which insists on the rights of men, demands the equal diffusion of every social advantage, asks the impartial participation of every gift of God; which sympathizes with the down-trodden, rejoices in their elevation, and proclaims to the world the sovereignty, not of the people merely, but of immutable justice and truth.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

CHARLES SUMNER

Taken from an oration delivered in Tremont Temple, before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4, 1845.

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages, as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and, with all-embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill — fields held sacred in the history of human freedom — shall lose their luster. Our own Wash-

ington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown,—but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.

THE GLORY OF WAR

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

From a discourse delivered January 25, 1835.

That the idea of glory should be associated strongly with military exploits ought not to be wondered at. From the earliest ages, ambitious sovereigns and states have sought to spread the military spirit by loading it with rewards. Badges, ornaments, distinctions the most flattering and intoxicating, have been the prizes of war. The aristocracy of Europe, which commenced in barbarous ages, was founded on military talent and success; and the chief education of the young noble was for a long time little more than a training for battle. Hence the strong connection between war and honor. All past ages have bequeathed us this prejudice, and the structure of society has given it a fearful force.

The idea of honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly

not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold, damp earth, who sit at their well-spread board and hire others to take their chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt on their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals; certainly this mass reaps little honor from war. The honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it.

Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life; to mangle the limbs; to gash and hew the body; to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature; to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities; to turn fruitful fields into deserts; to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence; to scourge nations with famine; to multiply widows and orphans.

Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist; it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human

race the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

THE PRINTING-PRESS AND THE SWORD

THOMAS CARLYLE

Taken from the opening pages of Carlyle's "*Essay on Voltaire*," first published in 1829.

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in his steel, with his battle-ax on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale looker-on might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in a sea of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala-day of Tamerlane that a little boy, whose history was more important than that of twenty Tamerlanes, was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz. The Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; but that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and all times.

What are the conquests and the expeditions of

the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with those movable types of Faust? Truly it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal with which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody footprints; and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together will be but like his own canvas city of a camp,—this evening, loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished, “a few pits and heaps of straw.”

For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material but by moral power are men and their actions to be governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, no tumult of innumerable baggage-wagons, attend its movements.

In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating, which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! For kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not *over* but *in* all heads, and with these solitary combinations of ideas, and with magic formulas, bend the world to its will. The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than his battles, and the victory of Waterloo may prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE

GEORGE GILFILLAN

George Gilfillan (1813-1878) was a clergyman of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The following extract is taken from his most successful book, "Bards of the Bible," first published in 1851.

That so much of Scripture should be written in the language of poetry has excited some surprise and created some inquiry; and yet in nothing do we perceive more clearly than in this, the genuineness, power, and divinity of the oracles of our faith. As the language of poetry is that into which all earnest natures are insensibly betrayed, so it is the only speech which has in it the power of permanent impression. The language of the imagination is the native language of man. It is the language of his excited intellect, of his aroused passions, of his devotion, of all the higher moods and temperaments of his mind. It was meet, therefore, that it should be the language of his revelation from God.

The language of poetry is thus the language of the inspired volume. The Bible is a mass of beautiful figures; its words and its thoughts are alike poetical; it has gathered around its central truths all natural beauty and interest; it is a Temple with one altar and one God, but illuminated by a thousand varied lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters that in the voices of the creation. It has pressed into its

service the animals of the forest, the flowers of the field, the stars of heaven, all the elements of nature. The lion spurning the sands of the desert, the wild roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness; the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple-tree bowing under its fruit; the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening the dry place; the moon and the morning star; Carmel by the sea, and Tabor among the mountains; the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the mown grass, the rainbow encompassing the landscape; the light, God's shadow; the thunder, His voice; the wind and the earthquake, His footsteps:—all such varied objects are made, as if naturally so designed from their creation, to represent Him to whom the Book and all its emblems point. Thus the quick spirit of the Book has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar, united the innumerable rays of a far-streaming glory on the little hill of Calvary, and woven a garland for the bleeding brow of Immanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the gardens of a universe.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

Taken from an address delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument at Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825. This address is commonly known as Webster's "First Bunker Hill Oration."

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all

nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in its coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

NORTHERN LABORERS

CHARLES NAYLOR

Taken from a speech delivered in the national House of Representatives. Mr. Naylor was Congressman from Philadelphia from 1837 to 1841.

The gentleman has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Preach insurrection to *me*! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is *their* history. The renown of your country is *their* renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the deeds and

doings of Northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Who was he that disarmed the thunderer, wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove, calmed the troubled ocean, became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence; prominently assisted in molding your free institutions; and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt till the last moment of recorded time? Who, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer; a Yankee tallow-chandler's son; a printer's runaway boy! And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a Northern army, yes, an army of Northern laborers, and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defense against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders,—who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith—the gallant General Greene; who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer, in the battles of our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Our country is full of the glorious achievements of Northern laborers. Where are Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles,

the high daring, the patriotism, and the sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of the Northern laborers.

THE DANGER OF MILITARY SUPREMACY

HENRY CLAY

This extract is taken from Clay's "Speech on the Seminole War," delivered in the House of Representatives, January 18, 1819.

Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now? "A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour." And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian whether he did not fear that some daring military chieftain covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, "No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal." If a Roman citizen had been asked whether he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon; and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten and animate and gladden the human heart. Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our Republic, scarcely yet twoscore years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF GREECE

HENRY CLAY

The following extract is taken from a speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives, January 23, 1824, in support of a resolution introduced by Daniel Webster, providing for an agent or commissioner to be sent to Greece during the Greek war for independence.

It is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give her but little aid, and that aid purely of a moral kind. It is indeed soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance on the page of history, would a record like this make: "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold, unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States,—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets,—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously

supplicating and invoking the aid of heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms; while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Saviour,—that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us,—a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies,—and it was rejected!”

Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can,—to your constituents, and tell them that you have voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of scimiters and crowns and crescents gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House. But for myself, though every friend of the measure should desert it, and I be left to stand alone, with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I would give to the resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

THE USE OF FORCE

JOHN C. CALHOUN

The following extract is taken from a speech on the Revenue Collection Bill, commonly called the "Force Bill," delivered in the United States Senate, February 15, 1833.

It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The imperial edict must be executed! It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed.

The law must be enforced. Yes, the act imposing the tea tax must be executed. This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration to that mad career which forever separated us from the British Crown. Under a similar sophistry, that "religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated? and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake? What! Acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without

his consent except his government, and this only to the extent of his legitimate wants ; to take more is robbery, and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder.

I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat, it will not be executed ; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the Government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January
26, 1830.

I profess, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtue, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined

credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings, and although our country has stretched out wider and wider, and our population stretched farther and farther, they have not overturned its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, in my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on states

dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards,"—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—"Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

THE SOUTH AND THE UNION

ROBERT Y. HAYNE

This extract is taken from Hayne's reply to Webster in the famous debate on "Foote's Resolution," between Webster and Hayne in the United States Senate. Webster attacked Hayne's views concerning "states' rights," in a speech delivered January 20, 1830. On January 21st, Hayne made a vigorous reply, from which the following extract is taken.

If there be one state in the Union that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. From the very commence-

ment of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord has ceased at the sound: every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle; but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the cause of their brethren with generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never were there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suf-

fering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens; black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. They were driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps; even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Mr. Seward's famous speech on the admission of California was delivered in the United States Senate, March 11, 1850.

Four years ago, California, a Mexican province, scarcely inhabited and quite unexplored, was unknown even to our usually immoderate desires, except by a harbor capacious and tranquil, which only statesmen then foresaw would be useful in the Oriental commerce of a far distant, if not merely chimerical, future.

A year ago, California was a mere military dependency of our own, and we were celebrating, with

unanimity and enthusiasm, its acquisition, with its newly discovered, but yet untold and untouched mineral wealth, as the most auspicious of many and unparalleled achievements.

To-day, California is a state more populous than the least, and richer than several of the greatest of our thirty states. This same California, thus rich and populous, is here asking admission into the Union, and finds us debating the dissolution of the Union itself.

No wonder if we are perplexed with ever-changing embarrassments! No wonder if we are appalled by ever-increasing responsibilities! No wonder if we are bewildered by the ever-augmenting magnitude and rapidity of national vicissitudes!

Shall California be received? For myself, upon my individual judgment and conscience, I answer, yes. For myself, as an instructed representative of one of the states—of that one even of the states which is soonest and longest to be pressed in commercial and political rivalry by the new commonwealth—I answer, yes; let California come in. Every new state, whether she come from the East or from the West—every new state, coming from whatever part of the continent she may—is always welcome. But California, that comes from the clime where the West dies away into the rising East; California, which bounds at once the empire and the continent; California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold, is doubly welcome.

*A SPEECH AGAINST THE KANSAS
NEBRASKA BILL*

CHARLES SUMNER

Taken from a speech delivered in the United States Senate,
in May, 1854.

From the depths of my soul, as a loyal citizen and as a Senator, I plead, remonstrate, protest against the passage of this bill. I struggle against it as against death. But as in death itself corruption puts on incorruption, and this mortal body puts on immortality, so from the sting of this hour I find assurance of that triumph by which freedom will be restored to her immortal birthright in the Republic.

The bill you are about to pass is at once the worst and the best on which Congress ever acted. Yes, sir, worst and best at the same time. It is the worst bill inasmuch as it is a present victory of slavery. In a Christian land and in an age of civilization, a time-honored statute of freedom is struck down, opening the way to all the countless woes and wrongs of human bondage. Among the crimes of history another is soon to be recorded, which no tears can blot out, and which in better days will be read with universal shame. The Tea Tax and the Stamp Act, which aroused the patriot rage of our fathers, were virtues by the side of this transgression; nor would it be easy to imagine at this day any measure which more openly and wantonly defies every sentiment of justice, humanity, and Christianity. Am I not right,

then, in calling it the worst bill on which Congress ever acted?

There is another side to which I gladly turn. It is the best bill on which Congress ever acted, for it annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes any future compromise impossible. Thus it puts Freedom and Slavery face to face, and bids them grapple. Who can doubt the result? It opens wide the door of the future, when at last there will really be a North, and the slave-power will be broken; when this wretched despotism will cease to dominate over our Government; when the national Government will be divorced in every way from slavery, and, according to the true intention of our fathers, freedom will be established everywhere.

Thus, standing at the very grave of freedom in Kansas and Nebraska, I lift myself to the vision of that happy resurrection by which freedom will be assured, not only in these territories, but everywhere under the national Government. More clearly than ever before, I now penetrate that great future when slavery must disappear. Proudly I discern the flag of my country, as it ripples in every breeze, at last in reality, as in name, the flag of freedom—undoubted, pure, and irresistible. Am I not right, then, in calling this bill the best on which Congress ever acted? Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you commit. Joyfully I welcome the promises of the future.

SPEECH AGAINST SECESSION

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

Delivered in the Georgia Convention, November 14, 1860.

When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by all the demons of war which this act of yours will inevitably invite, when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery, our temples of justice in ashes, all the horrors of war upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it? And who but him who shall give his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably by posterity?

Pause, I entreat you ; consider for a moment what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us. What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in this case; and to what cause or overt act can you point on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded upon justice and right has been withheld? Can you to-day name one governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the Government at Washington of which the South has a right to complain?

I challenge the answer. Leaving out of view for

the present the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, there will be thousands and tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of ambition;—and for what, I ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded upon the broad principles of right, justice, and humanity?

I declare here as I have often done before, and as has been repeated by the greatest and wisest statesmen of this or any other land, that it is the best and truest government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its control, the most inspiring in its measures to elevate the race of man, that the sun in heaven ever shone upon.

Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century, in which we have gained our standing as a nation and our domestic safety, while the elements of peril are around us, with peace, tranquility, and rights unassailed and accompanied with boundless prosperity,—is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I can lend neither my sanction nor my vote.

THE CIVIL WAR INEVITABLE

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Taken from a sermon preached immediately after the firing upon Fort Sumter, which occurred April 12, 1861.

There are many reasons which make a good and thorough battle necessary. The Southern men are infatuated. They will not have peace. They are in arms. They have fired upon the American flag! That glorious banner has been borne through every climate, all over the globe, and for fifty years not a land or people has been found to scorn it or dishonor it. At home, among the people of our own land, among Southern citizens, for the first time has this glorious national flag been abased and trampled to the ground! It is for our sons reverently to lift it, and to bear it full high again, to victory and national supremacy. Our arms, in this peculiar exigency, can lay the foundation of future union in mutual respect.

The South firmly believes that cowardice is the universal attribute of Northern men. Until they are most thoroughly convinced to the contrary, they will never cease arrogance and aggression. But if it now please God to crown our arms with victory, we shall have gone far toward impressing Southern men with salutary respect. Good soldiers, brave men, hard fighting, will do more toward quiet than all the compromises and empty, wagging tongues in the world. Our reluctance to break peace, our unwillingness to shed blood, our patience, have all been misinterpreted.

The more generous and forbearing we have been, the more thoroughly sure were they that it was because we dared not fight.

With the North is the strength, the population, the courage. There is not elsewhere on this continent that breadth of courage—the courage of a man in distinction from the courage of a brute beast—which there is in the free states of the North. It was General Scott who said that the New Englanders were the hardest to get into a fight, and the most terrible to meet in a conflict, of any men on the globe.

We have no braggart courage ; we have no courage that rushes into an affray for the love of fighting. We have that courage which comes from calm intelligence. We have that courage which comes from broad moral sentiment. We have no anger, but we have indignation. We have no irritable passion, but we have fixed will. We regard war and contest as terrible evils ; but when we are roused to enter into them, our courage will be of the measure of our detestation. You may be sure that the cause which can stir up the feelings of the North sufficiently to bring them into such a conflict will develop in them a courage that will be terrific to the men who have to meet it.

*SPEECH AGAINST THE RECOGNITION OF
THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY*

JOHN BRIGHT

From a speech delivered at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, August 1, 1861. John Bright was a staunch and fearless supporter of the Union cause when many Englishmen were disposed to recognize the Confederate States.

I advise you, and I advise the people of England, to abstain from applying to the United States doctrines and principles which we never apply to our own case. At any rate, the Americans have never fought "for the balance of power" in Europe. They have never fought to keep up a decaying empire. They have never squandered the money of their people in such a phantom expedition as we have been engaged in. And now, at this moment, when you are told that they are going to be ruined by their vast expenditure,—why, the sum that they are going to raise in the great emergency of this grievous war is not greater than what we raise every year during a time of peace.

They say that they are not going to liberate the slaves. No; the object of the Washington government is to maintain their own Constitution and to act legally, as it permits and requires. No man is more in favor of peace than I am; probably no man in this country has denounced war more than I have; few men in public life have suffered more obloquy—I had almost said, more indignity—in consequence of it. But I cannot for the life of me see, upon any of those

principles upon which states are governed now,—I say nothing of the literal word of the New Testament,—I cannot see how the state of affairs in America, with regard to the United States government, could have been different from what it is at this moment.

We had a Heptarchy in this country, and it was thought to be a good thing to get rid of it, and have a united nation. If the thirty-three or thirty-four states of the American Union can break off whenever they like, I can see nothing but disaster and confusion throughout the whole of that continent. I say that the war, be it successful or not, be it Christian or not, be it wise or not, is a war to sustain the government and to sustain the authority of a great nation; and that the people of England, if they are true to their own sympathies, to their own history, and to their own great act of 1834, will have no sympathy with those who wish to build up a great empire on the perpetual bondage of millions of their fellow-men.

LINCOLN

CHARLES H. FOWLER

Taken by permission from Bishop Fowler's popular lecture
on Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was the representative character of his age. No man ever so fully embodied the purposes, the affections, and the power of the people. He came up among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, his

ambitions, were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats, he would not have been *our* President. But born in the cabin and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the Great Commoner. The classics of the schools might have polished him, but they would have separated him from us. But trained in the common school of adversity, his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin.

His practical wisdom made him the wonder of all lands. With such certainty did Lincoln follow causes to their ultimate effects that his foresight of contingencies seemed almost prophetic. While we in turn were calling him weak and stubborn and blind, Europe was amazed at his statesmanship and awed into silence by the grandeur of his plans.

Measured by what he did, Lincoln is a statesman without a peer. He stands alone in the world. He came to the government by a minority vote, without an army, without a navy, without money, without munitions. He stepped into the midst of the most stupendous, most wide-spread, most thoroughly equipped and appointed, most deeply planned rebellion of all history. He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men leaped forward to defend their country. He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world had ever seen crowned every wave.

He is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory shall shed a glory upon this age that shall fill the eyes of men as they look into history. An

administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled civil war. A statesman, he justified his measures by their success. A philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and freedom to another. A moralist, he bowed from the summit of human power to the foot of the cross and became a Christian. A mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute abeyance to law. A leader, he was no partisan. A commander in a war of the utmost carnage, he was unstained with blood. A ruler in desperate times, he was untainted with crime. As a man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition. He has adorned and embellished all that is good and all that is great in our humanity, and has presented to all coming generations the representative of the divine idea of free government.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Speech at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., November 15, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

Taken from an address on "Abraham Lincoln" which our Minister to England delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, Scotland, November 18, 1900. Printed by permission.

At last, when in his judgment the indispensable necessity had come, Lincoln struck the fatal blow, and

signed the Proclamation which has made his name immortal. By it, the President, as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion, proclaimed all persons held as slaves in the States to be thenceforward free. This great act was absolutely his own. The conception and execution were exclusively his. He chose the time and the circumstances under which the Emancipation should be proclaimed and when it should take effect.

It came not an hour too soon ; but public opinion in the North would not have sustained it earlier. Heard through the land like the blast of a bugle, the Proclamation rallied the patriotism of the country to fresh sacrifices and renewed ardor. It was a step that could not be revoked. It relieved the conscience of the nation from an incubus that had oppressed it from its birth. The United States were rescued from the false predicament in which they had been from the beginning, and the great popular heart leaped with new enthusiasm for "Liberty and Union, henceforth and forever one and inseparable." It brought not only moral but material support to the cause of the government, for within two years 120,000 colored troops were enlisted in the military service and following the national flag, supported by all the loyalty of the North and led by its choicest spirits.

When Lincoln issued his Proclamation, he knew that the national resources were inexhaustible, that the government could and would win, and that if slavery were once disposed of, the only cause of difference being out of the way, the North and the South would come

together again and, by-and-by, be as good friends as ever. In many quarters abroad the Proclamation was welcomed with enthusiasm by the friends of America; but I think that the demonstrations in its favor that brought more gladness to Lincoln's heart than any other, were the meetings held in the manufacturing centers by the very operatives upon whom the war bore the hardest, expressing the most enthusiastic sympathy with the Proclamation, while they bore with fortitude the privations which the war entailed upon them. Lincoln's expectation, when he announced to the world that all slaves in all the states then in rebellion were set free, must have been that the avowed position of his government, that the continuance of the war now meant the annihilation of slavery, would make intervention impossible for any foreign nation whose people were lovers of liberty.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Delivered March 4, 1865. This address has been considerably abridged in order to bring it within the space limit.

At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make

war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came. One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in ; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans ; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

LINCOLN THE ORATOR

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

This extract is taken from an address on " Abraham Lincoln," delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1900. Printed by permission.

It is now forty years since I first saw and heard Abraham Lincoln, but the impression which he left on my mind is ineffaceable. After his great successes in the West, he came to New York to make a political address. He appeared in every sense of the word like one of the plain people among whom he loved to be counted. At first sight, there was nothing impressive and imposing about him. His clothes hung awkwardly on his giant frame. His seamed and rugged features bore the furrows of hardship and struggle. As he talked to me before the meeting, he seemed ill at ease, with that sort of apprehension which a young man might feel before presenting himself to a new and strange audience, whose critical disposition he dreaded.

His fame as a powerful speaker had preceded him, and exaggerated rumors of his wit had reached the East. When Mr. Bryant presented him on the high platform of the Cooper Institute, a vast sea of eager, upturned faces greeted him, full of intense curiosity to see what this rude child of the people was like.

He was equal to the occasion. When he spoke, he was transformed; his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly. For an hour and a half he held his audience in the hollow of his hand. His style of speech and his manner of delivery were severely simple. What Lowell called "the grand simplicities of the Bible," with which he was so familiar, were reflected in his discourse. With no attempt at ornament or rhetoric, without parade or pretense, he spoke straight to the point. If any came expecting the turgid eloquence or the ribaldry of the frontier, they must have been startled at the earnest and sincere purity of his utterances.

He closed with an appeal to his audience, spoken with all the fire of his aroused and kindling conscience, to maintain their political purpose on that lofty and unassailable issue of right and wrong which alone could justify it. He concluded with this telling sentence, which drove the whole argument home to all our hearts: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." That night the great hall, and the next day the whole city, rang with delighted applause and congratulations, and he who had come as a stranger departed with the laurels of a great triumph.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT

HENRY WARD BEECHER

This extract is taken from the memorial discourse which Mr. Beecher preached from Plymouth pulpit, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, 1865.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms swept through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs

belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O

people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there.

THE SILENT CAPTAIN

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

This extract is taken from an oration delivered at West Point, N. Y., October 21, 1868, at the dedication of the statue of Major-General John Sedgwick. It is here reprinted by special permission from the "Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis." Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

On April 30, 1864, President Lincoln wrote to Lieutenant-General Grant, "And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you." And, indeed, if the names of those who win battles that save civilization are dear to the heart of man, how cherished will be that of the taciturn, tenacious soldier whom nothing could shake off from success! Neither the tool of political tricksters nor the dupe of his own ambition, he showed himself, in the final campaign, the true type of American genius in action. Grimly in earnest, he knew that war is not conciliation, and that the rebellion was to be suppressed, and suppressed only, by the destruction of rebel life and rebel supplies. He knew that he could better lose a hundred lives than the rebellion could lose fifty; and he knew also that terrible sacrifice was the least bloody road to peace.

Breaking up on the Rapidan, early in May, he

forced his fiery way through the Wilderness—and was called a butcher. By terrible blows he drove the enemy, by swift and silent marches he flanked him—and was called a blunderer. By one of the most masterly and daring of military movements his resistless will threw his whole army over the James, and forced the enemy into his capital—and he was called incapable. The roses of June faded and the victory was not won. The bells of the Fourth of July died away, and the victory was not won. The auxiliary operations in the Shenandoah failed; those to the south of Richmond miscarried; public impatience grew, and passionate doubt and despondency clouded the summer. "Will he do it?" asked, in whispers, the lovers of liberty. "He'll do no more," shouted the exultant friends of the rebellion. They did not know the man. They did not remember Vicksburg; they did not remember Chattanooga. "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," was the only reply. It did take all summer. It took all winter. But he fought it out, and followed that line to victory.

Undismayed by delay, undisturbed by impatience, holding Richmond in both hands, he ordered Thomas to annihilate Hood—and he did it. He ordered Terry to take Fort Fisher—and he took it. He ordered Sheridan to sweep the Shenandoah—and he swept it clean. And Sherman—where was he? Suddenly the thick clouds of loyal doubts and fears and of rebel rumors parted, and revealed Sherman sauntering through Georgia, eating turkeys and sweet potatoes. Like a gnat, Wade Hampton hovered upon his path,

trying to sting, and was brushed away. A gust of Wheeler's cavalry blew off Kilpatrick's hat. Fort McAllister crumbled at Sherman's touch. Hardee stole from Savannah like a thief in the night. The terror of Sherman's presence a hundred miles away emptied Charleston of rebel troops, as when a huge craft passes in the river the waters recede from the distant lands. Across Georgia, across South Carolina, into North Carolina, he moved unopposed, spreading his terrible wings and scourging the land with fire. Then, with the accumulated force of fragments, Johnston dashed against one of his arms at Bentonville. Sherman threw him prostrate in the dust with one hand, and stretched out the other to grasp that of his great commander on the James.

The silent captain by the river, still holding his antagonist fast in his capital, had now shown, by the end of March, that the army of that antagonist was the rebellion, and he prepared to strike. At the extreme left of his line the sting of the swift and fiery Sheridan struck the enemy first. He winced and suddenly recoiled. But sharper grew the sting, swifter and more fiery, until the word came, "Sheridan is sweeping all before him from the West!" Then the genius of the great captain, seconded by the tireless valor of his soldiers, lightened all along the line, struck everywhere at once, burst over the enemy's works, crushed his ranks, forced his retreat, and at the same moment the master, loosening his victorious columns in pursuit, checked the rebel flight, and overwhelmed Lee and his army as the Red Sea engulfed Pharaoh and his host.

So opened and closed the great campaign. So the Army of the Potomac, often baffled, struck an immortal blow, and gave the right hand of fellowship to their brethren of the West. So the silent captain, when all his lieutenants had secured their separate fame, put on the crown of victory and ended civil war.

THE RECONSTRUCTED REPUBLIC

HENRY WATTERSON

Taken from an oration delivered at the opening of the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill., October 21, 1892. Printed by permission.

Then came a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walked upon the battlements of freedom, and all was dark ; all seemed lost, save liberty and honor and, praise God, our blessed Union. Truly out of trial comes the strength of man ; out of disaster comes the strength of the state !

The curse of slavery is gone. It was a joint heritage of woe, to be wiped out and expiated in blood and flame. The mirage of the Confederacy has vanished. It was essentially bucolic, a vision of Arcadia, the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. The exact relation of the states to the Federal Government has been clearly and definitely fixed by the last three amendments to the original chart, which constitute the real treaty of peace between the North and the South, and seal our bonds as a nation forever. The Republic represents at last the letter and the spirit of the sublime

Declaration. The fetters that bound her to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment and wearing a crown of living light, she steps in the perfection of her maturity upon the scene of this the latest and proudest of her victories to bid a welcome to the world!

Need I pursue the theme? This vast assemblage speaks with a resonance and meaning which words can never reach. There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own! Nor will it! The time is coming, is almost here, when hanging above many a mantel-board in fair New England—glorifying many a cottage in the sunny South—shall be seen bound together in everlasting love and honor two cross-swords carried to battle respectively by the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray. . . . God bless our country's flag! And God be with us, now and ever, God in the rooftree's shade and God on the highway, God in the winds and waves, and God in all our hearts!

A VISION OF WAR

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

This extract is taken from Colonel Ingersoll's address at the Memorial Celebration of the Grand Army of the Republic, held at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, May 30, 1888. The entire address is printed in "Prose-Poems": copyright by C. P. Farrell, New York. Reprinted by permission.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We are with the soldiers when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves; she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty; they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

THE INSPIRATION OF SACRIFICE

JAMES A. GARFIELD

**An extract from a Memorial Day address delivered in the
National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., May 30, 1868.**

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf.

With such inspiration, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an incident, illustrative of this thought, which it was my fortune to witness near sunset of the second day at Chickamauga, when the beleaguered but unbroken left wing of our army had again and again repelled the assaults of more than double their number, and when each soldier felt that to his individual hands were committed the life of the army and the honor of his country. It was just after a division had fired its last cartridge, and had repelled a charge at the point

of the bayonet, that the great-hearted commander took the hand of an humble soldier and thanked him for his steadfast courage. The soldier stood silent for a moment, and then said, "George H. Thomas has taken this hand in his. I'll knock down any mean man that offers to take it hereafter."

This rough sentence was full of meaning. He felt that something had happened to his hand which consecrated it. Could a hand bear our banner in battle and not be forever consecrated to honor and virtue? But doubly consecrated were those who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts, aimed at the life of their country. Fortunate men! Your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness. Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed.

AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN HEROISM

New York Tribune, 1898.

There comes at this time from the Dark Continent a plain tale of plain men in this latest year of the era of commonplace, as thrilling as any saga of Odin and his heroes.

It was in Matabeleland, in Captain Wilson's fatal pursuit of the wily monster, Lobengula. The principal facts of that gallant but disastrous ride have already been made known. But an officer of one of the Matabele regiments, who himself led in the attack upon the

entrapped Englishmen, supplies, in his own graphic phrases, some details that can never be forgotten:

"I, Machasha, induna in the Insuka regiment," he says, "tell you these things. We were six thousand men against your thirty-four. They rode into the track, and linked their horses in a ring, and commenced a heavy fire upon us, and our men fell fast and thick. We opened a fire upon them and killed all their horses. Then they took to cover behind their horses' bodies and killed us just like grass. We tried to rush them. Twice we tried, but failed. After a time they did not fire so much, and we thought their ammunition was getting short. Then, just as we were preparing to rush again, they all stood up. They took off their hats and sang. We were so amazed to see men singing in the face of death that we knew not what to do. At last we rushed. You white men don't fight like men, but like devils. They shot us until the last cartridge, and most of them shot themselves with that. But those who had none left just covered up their eyes and died without a sound. Child of a white man, your people know how to fight, and how to die. We killed all the thirty-four. But they killed us like grass."

Not the Spartans at Thermopylæ, nor the Old Guard at Waterloo, presented a spectacle of sublimer heroism than that handful of Englishmen, surrounded by savage foes more than a hundred to one, when the last cartridges were in their revolvers, standing up in full view of their slayers, reverently baring their heads, and singing "God Save the Queen!" Your latter-day

materialist may sneer at it as fustian, or as mere brute desperation. It was neither. It was the sense of duty conquering the sense of fear. It was courage of soul triumphant over impending dissolution of the body. It was a "crowded hour of glorious life" that indeed was "worth an age without a name"; worth it, not only to the actors in it, but to the whole human race. Those men had no reason to think, and did not think, that their death-song would ever be heard by other ears than those of their destroyers. Their deed was not bravado, but modest, loyal duty. And their voices will henceforth live in countless throbbing hearts, and their valor will make life and the world seem nobler to all their fellow-men.

THE PRESENT AGE

VICTOR HUGO

Abridged from "*Napoleon Le Petit*," a political pamphlet written against Napoleon III. and published in 1852.

Let us proclaim it firmly, proclaim it even in fall and in defeat, this age is the grandest of all ages; and do you know wherefore? Because it is the most benignant. This age enfranchises the slave in America, extinguishes in Europe the last brands of the stake, civilizes Turkey, penetrates the Koran with the Gospel, dignifies woman, and subordinates the right of the strongest to the right of the most just.

This age proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and

consecrates man. In art it possesses every kind of genius; majesty, grace, power, figure, splendor, depth, color, form, and style. In science it works all miracles; it makes a horse out of steam, a laborer out of the voltaic pile, a courier out of the electric fluid, and a painter of the sun; it opens upon the two infinities those two windows, the telescope on the infinitely great, the microscope on the infinitely little; and it finds in the first abyss the stars of heaven, and in the second abyss the insects which prove the existence of a God.

Man no longer crawls upon the earth, he escapes from it; civilization takes to itself the wings of birds, and flies and whirls and alights joyously on all parts of the globe at once; the brotherhood of nations crosses the bounds of space and mingles in the eternal blue.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR

ORVILLE DEWEY

The Rev. Orville Dewey, D.D., (1794-1882) an American Unitarian clergyman and writer, was a well-known preacher and orator, and during his long life filled appointments in various New England cities. The following extract is taken from one of his published addresses.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a

new world,—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as in some sort a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness.

This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Taken from the conclusion of Macaulay's essay on Mitford's "History of Greece," published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, November, 1824.

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Whenever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, and consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and wait for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom

and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the scepter shall have passed away from England; when perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory would still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

ROME AND CARTHAGE

VICTOR HUGO

The following extract is taken from a translation of a "*Fragment d'Histoire*," a short historical essay which appeared in 1827. This essay was reprinted in 1834 in the volume of essays and miscellanies entitled "*Littérature et Philosophie Mêlées*."

Rome and Carthage! behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage,

the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization; she can mount no higher; any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is semi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to get. All is before her, nothing behind.

For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend; with their contact must come the thunder shock. The catastrophe of this splendid drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races, that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations, the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics, the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty,—Rome, young, poor, robust; the past, and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, and the demon of war; the East

and South on one side, the West and North on the other ; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe.

They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers; she utters that cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" But she rallies, collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth.

A PLEA FOR THE POET ARCHIAS

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

The poet Archias, a native of Antioch, had acquired Roman citizenship in the city of Heraclea in Southern Italy. The records of the city had been destroyed by fire, and Archias was obliged to prove his citizenship in a trial before the prætor. Cicero delivered this famous oration in defense of Archias in 62 B.C. The oration is chiefly a eulogy upon Archias and upon poetry in general.

Shall I not love this man? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not defend him to the utmost of my power? For men of the greatest eminence and learning have taught us that other branches of science require education, art, and precept; but that the poet

is formed by the plastic hand of nature herself, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated, as it were, by a kind of divine enthusiasm. It is with justice, therefore, that our Ennius bestows on poets the epithet of "venerable," because they seem to have some peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us.

Let the name of poet, then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and deserts reëcho sounds; savage beasts are often softened by music, and listen to its charms; and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry? The praises of our fleet shall ever be recorded and celebrated for the wonders performed at Tenedos, where the enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain: such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Those, therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name.

We beg of you, therefore, my lords, since in matters of such importance not only the intercession of men but of gods is necessary, that the man who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine for our conduct in our late domestic dangers; and who is of the number of those who have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity than to complain of your rigor.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF ITALY?

ANTONIO C. N. GALLENGA

The Italian writer Gallenga is better known under the pseudonym "Luigi Mariotti." He was born in Parma, Italy, in 1810, and played a prominent part in Italian affairs as publicist and patriot.

The French, wanting aid from every quarter, hailed the awakening of Italy. They gave her a standard; they girt her sons with the weapons of war; they seated them in senates and parliaments. They dusted the iron crown of the Lombards, and placed it on the brow of one of her islanders. The Italians started up; they believed, they followed, they fought. Deceived by the French, they turned to the Austrians; betrayed by the Austrians, they came back to the French. There ensued a series of deception and perfidy, of blind confidence and disappointment; and when the Italians, weary, dejected, and ravaged, lay down abandoned to their bitter reflections, an awful truth shone in its full evidence—the only price for torrents of blood—that beyond the Alps they had nothing but enemies!

The reaction was long and severe. To those few years of raving intoxication, lethargy succeeded, and nothingness. The sword was taken from the side of the brave, the lips of the wise were closed; all was settled, and silenced, and fettered, but thought. Thought remained anxious, sleepless, rebellious; with a grim, severe monitor behind—Memory; and a rosy syren before—Hope, always within its reach, always

receding from its embrace ; and it sat a tyrant of the soul, preyed upon the heart of the young, of the brave, of the lovely, choosing its victims with the cruel sagacity of the vampire, and it strewed their couches with thorns, and sprinkled their feasts with poison, and snatched from their hands the cup of pleasure.

"Italians," was the cry, "remember what you have been, what you are, what you must be. Is it thus, on the dust of heroes, is it in the fairest of lands, that you drag on the days of abjectness? Will you never afford a better spectacle to the nations than masquerades and processions of monks? Will you never go out among strangers, except as fiddlers and limners? England and France are subduing deserts and oceans ; Germany flourishes in science and letters. The sons of the earth are snatching from your hands the sceptre of the arts. What is to become of Italy? Shall her name be buried under these ruins, to which you cling with the fondness of a fallen noble, prouder of the escutcheon and of the portraits of his ancestors, in proportion as he degenerates from them? Shall it be said of her sons that they have made their own destiny, and they groan under a yoke they have merited?"

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

The following extract is taken from Macaulay's "Essay on Milton," first published in the *Edinburgh Review*, August, 1825.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are

informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel.

A SPEECH AGAINST BRIBERY

DEMOSTHENES

The "Third Philippic," from which the following selection is taken, was delivered before the people of Athens in the year 341 B.C.

What is wanting to make the insolence of Philip complete? Besides the destruction of the Greek cities, does he not hold the Pythian Games, the common festival of Greece? Is he not master of Thermopylæ and the passes into Greece? Does he not hold these places by garrisons and mercenaries? Has he not

thrust aside Thessalians, Athenians, Dorians, the whole Amphictyonic body, and got the first audience of the oracle? Yet the Greeks endure all this. Under these indignities we are all slack and disheartened, and look towards our neighbors, distrusting one another instead of the common enemy.

But what has caused the mischief? There must be some cause, some good reason why the Greeks were so eager for liberty then, and now are eager for servitude. Men of Athens, there was then, in the hearts of the multitude, something which is now lacking, something which overcame the wealth of Persia and maintained the freedom of Greece, and quailed not under any battle by land or sea; the loss of which has ruined all, and thrown the affairs of Greece into confusion. What was this? Nothing subtle or clever: simply that whoever took money from political aspirants or from the corrupters of Greece were universally detested. It was a dreadful thing to be convicted of bribery; the severest punishment was inflicted on the guilty, and there was no intercession or pardon.

The favorable moments for enterprise which fortune frequently offers to the careless against the vigilant, to them that will do *nothing* against those that discharge *all* their duty, could not be bought from orators or generals; no more could mutual concord, or distrust of tyrants and barbarians. But now all such principles have been sold as in open market, and those imported in exchange, by which Greece is ruined and diseased. What are they? Envy where a man gets a bribe; laughter if he confesses it; mercy to the

convicted; hatred of those that denounce the crime; all the usual attendants upon corruption. For as to ships and men and revenues and abundance of other materials, all that may be reckoned as constituting national strength,—assuredly the Greeks of our day are more fully and perfectly supplied with such advantages than Greeks of the olden time. But they are all rendered useless, unavailable, unprofitable, by the agency of these traffickers.

THE MURDERER'S SECRET

DANIEL WEBSTER

An extract from Webster's argument at the trial of John Francis Knapp for the murder of Joseph White of Salem, Mass. Delivered before the Massachusetts Supreme Court at Salem, August, 1830.

He has done the murder: no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True is it, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's

our disposal, and if we have the weapons for it, then this new law constitutes a reinforcement of the guarantees of peace, a reinforcement of the league of peace, that is precisely as strong as if a fourth great power with an army of seven hundred thousand men had joined the alliance. This powerful reinforcement will also, I believe, have a quieting effect upon our own countrymen, and will lessen in some degree the nervousness of our public opinion, our stock-market, and our press. I hope it will act upon them as a sedative when they clearly comprehend that, from the moment at which this law is signed and published, the men are there.

I do not believe that any disturbance of the peace is in immediate prospect; and I ask you to deal with the law that lies before you, independently of any such idea or apprehension, simply as a means for making the great force which God has lodged in the German nation completely available in the event of our needing it. If we do not need it, we shall not call for it. We seek to avoid the chance of needing it. . . .

We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world; and it is the fear of God that makes us love and cherish peace. But whoever, despite this, breaks it, will find that the warlike patriotism that in 1813, when Prussia was weak, small, and exhausted by plunder, brought her whole population under her banners, has to-day become the common heritage of the whole German nation; and whoever attacks the German nation will find it united in arms, and in every soldier's heart the firm faith that "God will be with us."

THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

**Taken from a political speech delivered in the Amphitheatre at
Liverpool, England, April 6, 1866.**

We have framed a measure in the strictest spirit of moderation. We do not desire—nay, we should be the first to resist—sudden and violent and sweeping changes. But our measure provides for a progressive enlargement of the popular franchise, with due regard to the state and the circumstances of the country. Having produced that measure, framed in a spirit of moderation, we hope to support it in a spirit of decision. We have a great responsibility; we are conscious of it; and we do not intend to flinch from it and from what it entails.

We have passed the Rubicon; we have broken the bridge; we have burnt the boats behind us. We have advisedly cut off from ourselves the means of retreat; and having done this, we hope that we have done our duty to the Crown and to the nation. We beseech you, gentlemen, and we beseech all reflecting Englishmen in whose hands, by the well-understood Constitution of this country, the ultimate settlement of these great issues is lodged, to consider what the future is to be. You can not doubt that there is, on the part of the masses of the community, a forward and onward movement,—a forward and onward movement, not only safe and harmless, but infinitely profitable, if only you deal with it wisely and in time.

Read the signs of the period in which we live. The voice that once spake as never man spake rebuked those that were then in authority, because they could not discern the signs of the times. Let this great nation be wise, and be wise, too, in due season. Let it not, through a dallying indecision or through the influence of a weak and cowardly apprehension, refuse to grant a boon which, if granted now, will be received as a boon in a spirit of grateful affection, and will tend to increase the attachment of the people to its laws, its institutions, and its rulers.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION

DANIEL O'CONNELL

The great speech on the "Act of Union," from which this extract is taken, was spoken at what was, without doubt, the largest mass meeting ever held. "It was computed by reliable witnesses, not at all favorable to the cause which O'Connell espoused, that no fewer than a quarter of a million persons must have been present. They came from all parts of the country round, under the guidance of their parish priests." The speech was delivered August 15, 1843, on the hill of Tara, an ancient seat of the Irish Kings, situated in County Meath, twenty-one miles northwest of Dublin. In the early days, "the assembly of Tara"—a sort of Parliament—was held here every third year.

Ireland is roused from one end to the other. Her multitudinous population has but one expression and one wish, and that is for the extinction of the Union and the restoration of her nationality. I have come

here, not for the purpose of making a school-boy's attempt at declamatory eloquence, not to exaggerate the historical importance of the spot on which we now stand; but this it is impossible to conceal or deny, that Tara is surrounded by historical reminiscences which give it an importance worthy of being considered by everyone who approaches it for political purposes, and an elevation in the public minds which no other part of Ireland possesses. We are standing upon Tara of the Kings; the spot where the monarchs of Ireland were elected, and where the chieftains of Ireland bound themselves, by the most solemn pledges of honor, to protect their native land against the Dane and every stranger.

On this spot I have a most important duty to perform. I here protest, in the name of my country and in the name of my God, against the unfounded and unjust Union. My proposition to Ireland is that the Union is not binding on her people. It is void in conscience and in principle, and as a matter of constitutional law I attest these facts. Yes, I attest, by everything that is sacred, the truth of my assertions. There is no real Union between the two countries, and my proposition is that there was no authority given to anyone to pass the Act of Union. Neither the English nor the Irish Legislature was competent to pass that Act, and I arraign it on these grounds. One authority alone could make that Act binding, and that was the voice of the people of Ireland.

My next impeachment of the Union is its destructive and deleterious effect upon the industry and pros-

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH

In answer to the taunt that the temperance agitators were in a minority.

What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and bootings and scourgings, dyeing the waters with their blood and staining the heather with their gore, fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and the truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and the truth

are, there are always "troops of beautiful, tall angels" gathered round him; and God himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over his own. If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him; and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

A REPUBLIC OR A MONARCHY?

VICTOR HUGO

After the Revolution of 1848 Victor Hugo was elected to represent the city of Paris both in the constituent and in the legislative assembly. He advocated extreme democratic principles. The speech from which the following extract is taken was delivered from the "great Tribune" in the House of Deputies in 1851, and formed part of the debate on the question of revising the French Constitution.

Gentlemen, let us come to the pith of this debate. It is not our side of the House, but you, the Monarchists, who have provoked it. The question, a Republic or a Monarchy, is before us. No one has any longer the power or the right to elude it. For more than two years this question, secretly and audaciously agitated, has harassed the country. It weighs upon the Present. It clouds the Future. The moment has come for our deliverance from it. Yes, the moment has come for us to regard it face to face—to see what it is made of. Now, then, let us show our cards! No more conceal-

ment! I affirm then, in the name of the eternal laws of human morality, that Monarchy is an historical fact, and nothing more. Now, when the fact is extinct, nothing survives, and all is told. It is otherwise with right. Right, even when it no longer has fact to sustain it, even when it no longer exerts a material authority, preserves still its moral authority, and is always right. Hence it is that, in an overthrown Republic, there remains a right, while in a fallen Monarchy there remains only a ruin. Cease, then, ye Legitimists, to appeal to us from the position of right. Before the right of a People, which is sovereignty, there is no other right but the right of the individual, which is liberty. Beyond that, all is a chimera. To talk of the kingly right in this great age of ours, and at this great Tribune, is to pronounce a word void of meaning.

But, if you cannot speak in the name of right, will you speak in the name of fact? Will you say that political stability is the offspring of hereditary royalty, and that Royalty is better than Democracy for a state? What! You would have those scenes renewed, those experiences recommenced, which overwhelmed kings and princes: the feeble, like Louis the Sixteenth; the able and strong, like Louis Philippe; whole families of royal lineage, high-born women, saintly widows, innocent children. And of those lamentable experiences you have not had enough? You would have yet more? But you are without pity, Royalists, or without memory. We ask your mercy on these unfortunate royal families. Good Heavens!

This place, which you traverse daily, on your way to this House, does it, then, teach you nothing? when, if you but stamped on the pavement, two paces from those deadly Tuileries, which you covet still,—but stamped on that fatal pavement, you could conjure up, at will, the scaffold from which the old Monarchy was plunged into the tomb, or the cab in which the new royalty escaped into exile.

Ah, men of ancient parties! you will learn, ere long, that at this present time, in this nineteenth century, after the scaffold of Louis the Sixteenth, after the downfall of Napoleon, after the exile of Charles the Tenth, after the flight of Louis Philippe, in a word, after the French Revolution, — that is to say, after this renewal, complete, absolute, prodigious, of principles, convictions, opinions, situations, influences, and facts, it is the Republic which is solid ground, and the Monarchy which is the perilous venture.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

SYDNEY SMITH

From a speech on “Catholic Claims,” delivered at a meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, held at Beverley, England, April 11, 1825.

We preach to our congregations that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is *not* emerging—she is still veiled in darkness;

her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floor of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history anything but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hangings, famine, and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world?

This is a system which, I am sure, with very different intentions and different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences, which those laws your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart, to that memorable proclamation which the head of our Church, the present monarch of these realms, has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities on account of religious opinions.* There have been many memorable things done in this reign. Hostile armies have been destroyed, fleets have been captured, formidable combinations have been broken to pieces; but this sentiment, in the mouth of a king,

deserves, more than all glories and victories, the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man.

THE FINER FRUITS OF DEMOCRACY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

An extract from Mr. Lowell's address on "Democracy," delivered on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Birmingham, England, October 6, 1884. This quotation is taken from Vol. VI. of Lowell's "Prose Works," which contains his "Literary and Political Addresses," and is here reprinted by special permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, the publishers.

Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But is it democracies alone that fall into this error? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the savior of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so.

But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most preg-

nant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times, through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austere, the most genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration.

Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make pessimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND

JOHN BRIGHT

Mr. Bright, true to his Quaker principles, has always been a strenuous opponent of war. He energetically denounced the Crimean War in 1855. He was a member, and for many years the leader, of the Peace Society of Great Britain.

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and conditions of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimiter upon a platform as a symbol of Mars. To this scimiter they offered more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond the Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimiter?

We are assured, however, that Rome pursued a

policy similar to ours for a period of eight centuries, and that for those eight centuries she remained great. But what is Rome now? The great city is dead. A poet has described it as "the lone mother of dead empires." Her language even is dead. Her very tombs are empty; the ashes of her most illustrious citizens are dispersed. "The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now." Yet I am asked, I who am one of the legislators of a Christian country, to measure my policy by the policy of ancient and pagan Rome! May I ask you to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations as great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride this moral law, there is a penalty that will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says: "The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite, nor doth it linger." We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. It is true, we have not, as an ancient people had, urim and thummim, those oracular gems on Aaron's breast, from which to take counsel; but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.

NATIONAL HONOR

FREDERIC R. COUDERT

Taken from an address on "International Arbitration," delivered before the Union League Club of Chicago, Ill., February 22, 1897. Printed by permission.

It is proposed to abolish homicide as a test of international right, by submitting causes of dispute to the calm judgment of wise men; a solution so simple and so economical that it requires great ingenuity to assail it with plausible reasons. All concede that in theory the plan is admirable, that in practice on a limited scale it has proved of priceless value, that it is infinitely more likely to produce rational results than the only other alternative,—the resort to war.

But, say the objectors, what if our national honor should become involved? In what one of our many disputes with Great Britain has our honor become so involved that the delicacy of its constitution required a prompt and vigorous *régime* of blood and iron? And yet we have had hot and long disputes where honor might have been called to the front by either nation, and made the pretense for a refusal to arbitrate. A nation's honor is never compromised by temperance nor injured by forbearance. A nation's honor is not served by rash counsels nor by violent impulses recklessly indulged in. It is indeed a frail and delicate possession if it cannot live in an atmosphere of peace; it is a dangerous one if it is tarnished by friendly discussion and by a disposition to hearken to the voice of justice.

National honor may perhaps shine all the brighter when a great nation is slow to admit that her just dignity may be imperiled by the act of others. The honor of a nation is in her own keeping, not in that of others; it cannot be lost save by her own act. A nation's honor consists in fidelity to her engagements, in carrying out her contracts in spirit as in letter, in paying her just debts, in respecting the rights of others, in promoting the welfare of the people, in the encouragement of truth, in teaching obedience to the law, in cultivating honorable peace with the world.

How can our national honor be so grievously invaded that there can be no room for remonstrance, no time for discussion, no opportunity allowed the aggressor for amendment? We seized British ships in the Behring Sea and condemned them in our ports, a most grievous insult according to the sensitive and self-constituted custodians of British honor; but Great Britain adopted peaceful counsels, and a wise court heard, examined, and decided the case without apparent injury to British honor. Why is war a more reliable defender of our national honor than arbitration? Readiness to fight may serve to prove that our country is not afraid to fight, but the world knows that to-day and needs no proof. War may prove that we have a gallant people behind our government, ready to spend life and fortune for a good cause, but the world knows that of old.

As with men honor often means pride unembarrassed by scruples, so it may be with a nation. Men resort to the shot-gun, the revolver, the bowie-knife,

or the club, to heal or defend their honor, and lose it as often as they mend it. The effort of civilization has been for years to teach them that violence is not the safest champion of offended dignity; that the methods of the bravo, the manners of the ruffian, or the tyranny of the bully may best be dealt with by a firm court and an officer of the law. Why should nations be prompt to seek redress through force, so long as reason may be heard and reason's voice is still respected? Bluster with nations as with individuals is dying out. It is heard at times, but its voice squeaks, and shows senility. It cannot as of old arouse a nation into unthinking wrath, or drive it from its propriety. The wisdom and the experience of the world are against it.

WHAT THE FLAG STANDS FOR

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Taken from an address which General Harrison delivered in response to the toast "Our Country" at the Banquet held in New York City, April 30, 1889, as part of the Centennial Celebration of Washington's inauguration as first President of the United States. The ceremonies of Washington's inauguration took place where the Sub-Treasury Building now stands in Wall Street. This extract is printed by permission.*

I congratulate you to-day upon one of the instructive and interesting features of this occasion: that these great thoroughfares, dedicated to trade, have

*This extract was carefully revised by General Harrison only six days before his death. The speech had been imper-

closed their doors and covered the insignia of commerce with the Stars and Stripes; that your great Exchanges have closed, and that in the very heart of Wall Street the flag has submerged trade. In that old historic mart the men who give their great energies to trade, have given these days wholly to their country, to patriotic memories, and to aspirations for the honor and development of the Republic.

I have great pleasure in believing that the love of country has been intensified in many hearts here; not only of you who may be called, and of some who have been called, to witness your love for the flag upon battle-fields by sea and land, but in these homes, among these fair women who look down upon us to-night, and in the thoughts of those little children who mingled their piping cries with the hoarser acclaims as we moved along your streets to-day. I believe that patriotism has been blown into a higher and holier flame in many hearts.

These banners with which you have covered your walls, these patriotic inscriptions must come down, and the ways of commerce and trade be resumed again. I will ask you to carry these banners that now hang on the wall into your homes, into the public schools of your city, into all your great institutions where child-
fectly and incorrectly reported by the newspapers, and General Harrison suggested that the Editor send him a copy for correction. With his characteristic care, the great statesman revised the whole speech and made important corrections in the imperfect copy. On returning the manuscript, he said that he would have *rewritten* the entire speech had he not been hard pressed by work.

dren are gathered, and to drape them there, that the eyes of the young and of the old may look upon that flag as one of the familiar adornments of the American home.

Have we not learned that not stocks nor bonds nor stately houses nor lands nor the product of the mill, is our country? It is the spiritual thought that is in our minds. Our country is the flag and what it stands for—its glorious history. It is the fireside and the home. It is the high thoughts that are in our hearts, born of the inspiration which comes with the stories of our fathers, the martyrs to liberty. It is the graveyards into which our careful country has gathered the unconscious dust of those who have died for its defense. It is these things that we love and call our country, rather than things, however rated, that can be touched or handled.

To elevate the morals of our people; to hold up the law as that sacred thing, which, like the ark of God of old, cannot be touched by irreverent hands; to frown upon every attempt to displace its supremacy; to unite our people in all that makes home pure and honorable, as well as to give our energies to the material advancement of the country: these services we may render every day; and out of this great demonstration do we not all feel like reconsecrating ourselves to the love and service of our country?

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH

GEORGE F. HOAR

Taken from Senator Hoar's speech at the banquet of the New England Society, held at Charleston, S. C., December 22, 1898. Printed by permission.

The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Southern stock, and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion, its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free. After all, the fruit of this vine has a flavor not to be found in other gardens. In the great and magnificent future which is before our country, you are to contribute a large share both of strength and beauty.

The best evidence of our complete reconciliation is that there is no subject that we need to hurry by with our fingers on our lips. The time has come when Americans—North, South, East, and West—may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and quiet spirit, without recrimination and without heat, each understanding the other, each striving to help the other, as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope. I know that this is the feeling of the people of the North. I think I know that it is the feeling of the people of the South. In our part of the country we have to deal with the

great problems of the strife between labor and capital, and of the government of cities where vast masses of men born on foreign soil, of different nationalities and of different races, strangers to American principles, to American ideas, to American history, are gathered together to exercise the unaccustomed functions of self-government in an almost unrestricted liberty. You have to deal with a race problem rendered more difficult still by a still larger difference in the physical and intellectual qualities of the two races whom Providence has brought together.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and the South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by an indissoluble Union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate; like the shears of Atropos, severing every thread and tangled web of evil, cutting out for humanity its beautiful garments of Liberty and Light from the cloth her dread sisters spin and weave.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

The corner-stone of the Washington Monument at the national capital was laid on the Fourth of July, 1848. Mr. Winthrop, who was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, was chosen to deliver the oration on that occasion. The following extract is taken from his address.

Let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American

Union, and let us recognize, in our common title to the name and fame of Washington, and in our veneration for his example and advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power which shall hold the thick-clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever. Let the column we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union. Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be laid and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood.

Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country. Build it to the skies: you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock: you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble: you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art: you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can be rendered only by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.

The widespread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its

constitution ; preserve its union ; defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world,—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly test our veneration for him ; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

CENTENNIAL ORATION

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

An extract from the Centennial Oration delivered at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, on the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

The spirit of the nation is at the highest—its triumph over the inborn, inbred perils of the Constitution has chased away all fears, justified all hopes, and with universal joy we greet this day. We have not proved unworthy of a great ancestry ; we had the virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly established. With these proud possessions of the past, with powers matured, with principles settled, with habits formed, the nation passes, as it were, from preparatory growth to responsible development of character and the steady performance of duty. What labors await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for human nature, what glory for itself, are prepared for this people in the coming century, we may not assume to foretell. “ One generation passeth away and another

generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever"; and we reverently hope that these our constituted liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of our posterity, and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love of fame. In the august presence of so many nations which, by their representatives, have done us the honor to be witnesses of our commemorative joy and gratulation, and in sight of the collective evidences of the greatness of their own civilization with which they grace our celebration, we may well confess how much we fall short, how much we have to make up, in the emulative competitions of the times. Yet even in this presence, and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness of the other nations of the earth, we do not fear to appeal to the opinion of mankind, whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country.

A CENTURY OF NATIONAL LIFE

JAMES A. GARFIELD

This extract is taken from President Garfield's Inaugural Address, delivered from the east portico of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., March 4, 1881.

It is now three days more than a hundred years since the adoption of the first written Constitution of

the United States—the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union. The new Republic was then beset with dangers on every hand. It had not conquered a place in the family of nations. The decisive battle of the war for independence, whose centennial anniversary will soon be gratefully celebrated at Yorktown, had not yet been fought. The colonists were struggling not only against the armies of a great nation, but against the settled opinions of mankind; for the world did not then believe that the supreme authority of government could be safely entrusted to the guardianship of the people themselves.

We cannot overestimate the fervent love of liberty, the intelligent courage, and the saving common sense with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government. When they found, after a short trial, that the Confederacy of States was too weak to meet the necessities of a vigorous and expanding republic, they boldly set it aside, and in its stead established a National Union, founded directly upon the will of the people, and endowed with full power of self-preservation and with ample authority for the accomplishment of its great objects.

Under this Constitution the boundaries of freedom have been enlarged, the foundations of order and peace have been strengthened, and the growth of our people in all the better elements of national life has vindicated the wisdom of the founders and given new hope to their descendants. Under this Constitution our people long ago made themselves safe against danger from without, secured for their mariners and flag equal-

ity of rights on all the seas. Under this Constitution twenty-five states have been added to the Union, with constitutions and laws framed and enforced by their own citizens to secure the manifold blessings of local self-government. The jurisdiction of this Constitution now covers an area fifty times greater than that of the original thirteen states, and a population twenty times greater than that of 1780.

A PLEA FOR THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

WENDELL PHILLIPS

This plea for the preservation of the "Old South Church" was delivered in Boston, Mass., June 4, 1876. It was largely due to the eloquence of Phillips that this ancient landmark was not removed. This speech is published in Wendell Phillips's "Speeches and Lectures." Copyright by Lee & Shepard. Reprinted by special permission.

With how much pride, with what a thrill, with what tender and loyal reverence, may we not cherish the spot where this marvelous enterprise began, the roof under which its first councils were held, where the air still trembles and burns with Otis and Sam Adams. Except the Holy City, is there any more memorable or sacred place on the face of the earth, than the cradle of such a change? Athens has her Acropolis, but the Greek can point to no such results. London has her Palace, and her Tower, and her St. Stephen's Chapel, but the human race owes her no such memories. France has spots marked by the

sublimest devotion, but the Mecca of the man who believes and hopes for the human race is not to Paris; it is to the seaboard cities of the great Republic. And when the flag was assailed, and the regiments marched through the streets, what walls did they salute as the regimental flags floated by to Gettysburg and Antietam? These! Our boys carried down to the battle-fields the memory of State Street, of Faneuil Hall, of the Old South Church.

We had signal prominence in those early days. It was on the men of Boston that Lord North visited his revenge. It was our port that was to be shut and its commerce annihilated. It was Sam Adams and John Hancock who enjoyed the everlasting reward of being the only names excepted from the royal proclamation of forgiveness. Here Sam Adams, the ablest and ripest statesman God gave to the epoch, forecast those measures which welded thirteen colonies into one thunderbolt, and launched it at George the Third. Here Otis magnetized every boy into a desperate rebel.

The saving of this landmark is the best monument you can erect to the men of the Revolution. You spend thousands of dollars to put up a statue of some old hero. You want your sons to gaze upon the nearest approach to the features of those "dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." But what is a statue of Cicero, compared to standing where your voice echoes from pillar and wall that actually heard his philippics? Scholars have grown old and blind, striving to put their hands

on the very spot where bold men spoke or brave men died. Shall we tear in pieces the roof that actually trembled to the words that made us a nation? It is impossible not to believe, if the spirits above us are permitted to know what passes in this terrestrial sphere, that Adams, and Warren, and Otis are to-day bending over us asking that the scene of their Immortal labors shall not be desecrated, or blotted from the sight of men.

Consecrate it again to the memory and worship of a grateful people! Napoleon turned aside his Simplon road to save a tree Cæsar had once mentioned. Won't you turn a street, or spare a quarter of an acre, to remind boys what sort of men their fathers were? Think twice before you touch these walls. We are the world's trustees. The Old South no more belongs to us, than Luther's or Hampden's or Brutus's name does to Germany, England, or Rome. Each and all are held in trust as torchlight guides and inspiration for any man struggling for justice and ready to die for truth.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

ABRAM S. HEWITT

Taken from an address delivered May 24, 1883, "on the occasion of the opening of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge." Reprinted by permission.

When we turn to the graceful structure at whose portal we stand, and when the airy outline of its curves

of beauty, pendant between massive towers suggestive of art alone, is contrasted with the over-reaching vault of heaven above and the ever-moving flood of waters beneath, the work of omnipotent power, we are irresistibly moved to exclaim, What hath man wrought!

Man hath indeed wrought far more than strikes the eye in this daring undertaking. It is not the work of any one man or of any one age. It is the result of the study, of the experience, and of the knowledge of many men in many ages. It is not merely a creation; it is a growth.

In no previous period of the world's history could this bridge have been built. Within the last hundred years the greater part of the knowledge necessary for its construction has been gained. This construction has employed every abstract conclusion and formula of mathematics, whether derived from the study of the earth or the heavens. The great discoveries of chemistry, the nature of gases, the properties of metals, the laws and processes of physics, from the strains and pressures of mighty masses to the delicate vibrations of molecules, are all recorded here.

It looks like a motionless mass of masonry and metal; but, as a matter of fact, it is instinct with motion. It is an aggregation of unstable elements, changing with every change in temperature and every movement of the heavenly bodies, but the product is absolute stability. It stands before us to-day as the sum and epitome of human knowledge; as the very heir of the ages; as the latest glory of centuries of patient observation, profound study, and accumulated

skill, gained step by step, in the never-ending struggle of man to subdue the forces of nature to his control and use.

A PLEA FOR FREE TRADE

FRANK H. HURD

From a speech delivered in the national House of Representatives, February 18, 1881.

No more perfect illustration of the effect of free trade has been shown than in the history of the United States. Very much of our prosperity is due to the fact that the products of each state can be sold in every other state without restriction. During the war the most potent argument for the cause of the Union was found in the apprehension that disunion meant restriction of commerce, and particularly the placing of the mouth of the Mississippi River under foreign control. The war was fought, therefore, to maintain free trade, and the victory was the triumph of free trade. The Union every day exhibits the advantages of the system.

Are these due to the accident of a state being a member of that Union, or to the beneficent principle of the system itself? What would prevent similar results following if, subject only to the necessities of government, it were extended to Mexico, to Canada, to South America, to the world? In such extension the United States have everything to gain, nothing to lose. This country would soon become the supply house of

the world. We shall soon have cattle and harvests enough for all nations. Our cotton is everywhere in demand. It is again king. Its crown has been restored, and in all the markets of the world it waves its royal scepter. Out of our coal and minerals can be manufactured everything which human ingenuity can devise. Our gold and silver mines will supply the greater part of the precious metals for the use of the arts and trade.

With the opportunity of the unrestricted exchange of these products, how limitless the horizon of our possibilities! Let American adventurousness and genius be free upon the high seas, to go wherever they please and bring back whatever they please, and the oceans will swarm with American sails, and the land will laugh with the plenty within its borders. The trade of Tyre and Sidon, the far-extending commerce of the Venetian Republic, the wealth-producing traffic of the Netherlands, will be as dreams in contrast with the stupendous reality which American enterprise will develop in our own generation. Through the humanizing influence of the trade thus encouraged, I see nations becoming the friends of nations, and the causes of war disappear. I see the influence of the great Republic in the amelioration of the condition of the poor and the oppressed in every land, and in the moderation of the arbitrariness of power. Upon the wings of free trade will be carried the seeds of free government, to be scattered everywhere to grow and ripen into harvests of free peoples in every nation under the sun.

*POLITICS AND JOURNALISM***CHARLES EMORY SMITH**

An extract from an address delivered before the Republican Press Association of Ohio, September 8, 1896.

When Jefferson said that he would rather have newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers, he indicated the vital part which newspapers play under free institutions. That was a hundred years ago. They were then printed with all the limitations of the hand-press, with only the infrequent mail as their feeder, and only the stage coach as their distributor. To-day liberty is their vital breath, but the telegraph is their nerve-centre and the railroad their arterial circulation. The government has expanded and population multiplied twenty-fold, but newspaper circulation and resources and influence have multiplied a thousand-fold. A hundred years ago newspapers were sentinels at the outposts. To-day they hold the central citadel as leaders and exponents; they are the very life-blood of free discussion.

Politics and journalism have been inseparable since John Wilkes thundered against the king, and Junius, with unerring aim, shot the polished and poisoned shafts from his masked and matchless quiver. Originally journalism was little more than political pamphleteering; now it reflects and expresses the intellectual and material progress of the world in all directions. Its capabilities have grown with its requirements.

The intimate connection between politics and journalism suggests the thought of the hour. This is preëminently a campaign of education. It is thus peculiarly our campaign. The journalists are the real educators. We hold school every day; we have the class before the blackboard every morning and evening. We iterate and reiterate, view and review. Education is simplification and amplification—simplifying principles and amplifying facts and illustrations. With our short lesson and daily exercise we have the opportunity of both as no other agency has. Even the statesman and orator must speak through our medium. A thousand men hear and a million men read. It is true, there are great text-books from the masters. There is a new Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" with American application; a new Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" through the slough of despond and up the hill of difficulty; a new Baxter's "Saint's Rest" under assured Republican restoration. But the old text-books are expounded by the professors in the class-room, and so the new text-books are edited with notes and index and daily elucidation by the schoolmasters of journalism.

We want more real and lasting enthusiasm, a deeper and grander consecration to the high mission which is before us. If we have a just conception of this national exigency and of our opportunity, we shall prosecute our work with increased fervor and power. Let us dedicate ourselves with renewed zeal to this campaign of education.

NO HATRED BETWEEN AMERICA AND
ENGLAND

RUFUS CHOATE

No, sir, we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can. Let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet. Let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on her radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the wrongs of days long past. Let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them.

But shall America, young, free, and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of Heaven, “decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy,”—shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of Stamp Act, and the Tea Tax, and the firing of the *Leopard* on the *Chesapeake* in time of peace? No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times, No! I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought

two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the *Constitution*, on the deck of the *Java*, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days"? And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country I deny it.

We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them, from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is no hatred at all; no hatred,—all for honor, nothing for hate! We have—we can have—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

EULOGY OF GARFIELD

JAMES G. BLAINE

Extract from a speech delivered in Congress, February 26,
1882.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its

hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell! What brilliant, broken plans! What baffled high ambitions! What sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships! What bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's days of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness, and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him in his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God.

With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

SCOTT'S FAME IN AMERICA

JOHN HAY

From Mr. Hay's speech at the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, May 21, 1897. Printed by permission.

His lines have gone out through all the earth and his words to the end of the world. No face in modern history, if we may except the magisterial profile of Napoleon, is so well known as the winning, irregular features, dominated by the towering brow of the Squire of Abbotsford. It is the world-wide extent of his fame that has seemed hitherto to make it unnecessary that his visible image should be enshrined here among England's worthies. His spirit is every-

where; he is revered wherever the English speech has traveled; and translations have given some glimpses of his brightness through the veil of many alien tongues. It is most fitting that his bust should be placed to-day, among those of his mighty peers, in this great pantheon of immortal Englishmen. . . .

I doubt if anywhere his writings have had a more loving welcome than in America. The books a boy reads are those most ardently admired and longest remembered; and America reveled in Scott when the country was young. All over our straggling states and territories—in the East, where a civilization of slender resources but boundless hopes was building; in the West, where the stern conflict was going on, of the pioneer subduing the continent—the books most read were those poems of magic and of sentiment, those tales of bygone chivalry and romance, which Walter Scott was pouring forth upon the world with a rich facility, a sort of joyous fecundity, like that of Nature in her most genial moods.

He had no clique of readers, no illuminated sect of admirers, to bewilder criticism by excess of its own subtlety. In a community engaged in the strenuous struggle for empire, whose dreams, careless of the past, were turned, in the clear, hard light of a nation's morning, to a future of unlimited grandeur and power, there was none too sophisticated to appreciate, none too lowly to enjoy those marvelous pictures of a time gone forever by, pleasing and stimulating to a starved fancy, though the times themselves were unlamented by a people and an age whose faces were set towards

a far different future. Through all these important formative days of the Republic, Scott was the favorite author of the Americans; and the influence of his writings was enormous upon the tastes and the sentiments of a people peculiarly sensitive to such influences, from the very circumstances of their environment. The poems and novels of Scott, saturated with the glamour of legend and tradition, were greedily devoured by a people without perspective, conscious that they themselves were ancestors of a redoubtable line, whose battle was with the passing hour, whose glories were in all the days to come.

His magic still has power to charm all wholesome and candid souls. His poems and his tales are read with undiminished and perennial pleasure. He loved, with a simple, straightforward affection, man and nature, his country and his kind; and he has his reward in a fame forever fresh and unhackneyed. His work is a clear, high voice from a simpler age than ours, breathing a song of lofty and unclouded purpose, of sincere and powerful passion, to which the world, however weary and preoccupied, must needs listen and attend.

SPEECH AGAINST CENTRALIZATION OF GOVERNMENT

HENRY W. GRADY

Taken from an address delivered before the students of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., June 25, 1889.

The unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America is the increasing tendency to

concentrate in the federal government powers and privileges that should be left with the states, and to create powers that neither the state nor federal government should have.

Concurrent with this political drift is another movement, less formal, perhaps, but not less dangerous,—the consolidation of capital. The world has not seen nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as are everyday tales to us. Aladdin's lamp is dimmed, and Monte Cristo becomes commonplace when compared to our magicians of finance and trade.

I do not denounce the newly rich. Our great wealth has brought us profit and splendor. But the status itself is a menace. A home that costs three million dollars and a breakfast that costs five thousand dollars are disquieting facts to the millions who live in a hut and dine on a crust. The fact that a man ten years from poverty has an income of twenty million dollars falls strangely on the ears of those who hear it, as they sit empty-handed while children cry for bread.

But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is its bitterest result and its pressing danger. We have read of the robber barons of the Rhine, who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of every passing craft, and, descending as hawks from the crags, tore and robbed and plundered the voyagers until their greed was glutted or the strength of their victims spent. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted, shall it be repeated in this

free country? And yet, when a syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add twenty-five per cent. to the cost of a single article of common use, and safely gather forced tribute from the people, until from its surplus it could buy every castle on the Rhine, or requite every baron's debauchery from its kitchen account, where is the difference—save that the castle is changed to a broker's office, and the picturesque river to the teeming streets and the broad fields of this government "of the people, by the people, and for the people"?

I do not overstate the case. Economists have held that wheat, grown everywhere, could never be cornered by capital. And yet one man in Chicago tied the wheat crop in his handkerchief, and held it until a sewing woman in my city, working for ninety cents a week, had to pay him twenty cents tax on the sack of flour she bore home in her famished hands. Three men held the cotton until the English spindles stopped and the lights went out in three million English homes. Last summer one man cornered pork until he had levied a tax of three dollars per barrel on every consumer, and pocketed a profit of millions. The Czar of Russia would not have dared to do these things. And yet they are no secrets in this free government of ours. They are known of all men, and, my countrymen, no argument can follow them, and no plea excuse them, when they fall on the men who, toiling, yet suffer, who hunger at their work, and who can not find food for their wives with which to feed the infants that hang famishing at their breasts.

What is the remedy ? To exalt the hearthstone, to strengthen the home, to build up the individual, to magnify and defend the principle of local self-government ; not in deprecation of federal government, but to its glory—not to weaken the Republic, but to strengthen it.

Let it be understood in my parting words to you that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness ; but I also know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come, He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love.

THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA

EDWARD EVERETT

This extract is taken from a speech delivered at the annual meeting of the American Colonization Society, in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, January 16, 1832.

I know it is said that it is impossible to civilize Africa. Why ? Why is it impossible to civilize men in one part of the earth more than in another ? Consult history. Was Italy, was Greece, the cradle of civilization ? No. As far back as the lights of tradition reach, Africa was the cradle of science, while Syria and Greece and Italy were yet covered with darkness. As far back as we can trace the first rudiments of improvement, they come from the very headwaters of

the Nile, far in the interior of Africa ; and there are yet to be found, in shapeless ruins, the monuments of this primeval civilization. To come down to a much later period, while the West and South of Europe were yet barbarous, the Mediterranean coast of Africa was filled with cities, academies, museums, churches, and a highly cultivated population. What has raised the Gaul, the Belgium, the Germany, the Scandinavia, the Britain of ancient geography to their present improved and improving condition ?

Africa is not now sunk lower than most of those countries were eighteen centuries ago ; and the engines of social influence are increased a thousand-fold in numbers and efficacy. It is not eighteen hundred years since Scotland, whose metropolis has been called the Athens of modern Europe, the country of Hume, of Smith, of Robertson, of Blair, of Stewart, of Brown, of Jeffrey, of Chalmers, of Scott, of Brougham, was a wilderness, infested by painted savages. It is not a thousand years since the north of Germany, now filled with beautiful cities, learned universities, and the best educated population in the world, was a dreary, pathless forest. Am I told that the work we have in hand is too great to be done ? Too great, I ask, to be done *when* ? too great to be done by *whom* ? Too great, I admit, to be done at once ; too great to be done by this Society ; too great to be done by this generation, perhaps ; but not too great to be done. Nothing is too great to be done, which is founded on truth and justice, and which is pursued with the meek and gentle spirit of Christian love.

THE RACE PROBLEM

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Taken from a memorable address which Mr. Washington delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York City, March 3, 1893, at a meeting held by the Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church. Printed by permission.

In considering the relation of the races in the South, I thank God that I have grown to the point where I can sympathize with a white man as much as I can with a black man; where I can sympathize with a Southern white man as much as I can with a Northern white man. To me a man is but a man for "a' that and a' that." I propose that no man shall drag me down by making me hate him. No race can hate another race without itself being narrowed and hated. The race problem will work itself out in proportion as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence, and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects.

What are some of the conditions in the South that need your urgent help and attention? Eighty-five per cent. of my people in the Gulf states are on the plantations in the country districts, where a large majority are still in ignorance, without habits of thrift and economy; are in debt, mortgaging their crops to secure food; paying, or attempting to pay, a rate of interest that ranges between twenty and forty per cent.; living in one-room cabins on rented lands, where schools are in session in these country districts from three to four months in the year; taught in places,

as a rule, that have little resemblance to schoolhouses. Each colored child in these states has spent on him this year for education about seventy cents, while each child in Massachusetts has spent on him this year for education between eighteen and twenty dollars. What state of morality or practical Christianity you may expect when as many as six, eight, and even ten, cook, eat, sleep, get sick, and die in one room, I need not explain.

Ten years ago there went out from one of the institutions in the South, fostered and helped by your generosity, a young man into one of these plantation districts, where he found conditions such as I have described. He took, three months' public school course as a nucleus for his work. Then he organized the older people into a club that came together every week. In these meetings, in a plain, common sense manner, he taught the people thrift, how to economize, how to stop mortgaging their crops, how to live on bread and potatoes, if need be, till they could get out of debt; showed them how to take the money that they had hitherto scattered to the wind and concentrate it in the direction of their industrial, educational, and religious uplifting. Go with me to that community to-day and I will show you a people full of hope and delight. I will show you a people almost wholly free from debt, living on well-cultivated farms of their own, in cottages with two and three rooms, schools lasting eight months, taught in a nice, comfortable, frame schoolhouse. Go with me into their church and their Sunday-school, through the model

farm and house of this teacher, and I will show you a community that has been redeemed, revolutionized in industry, education, and religion by reason of the fact that they had this leader, this guide, this object lesson to show them how to direct their own efforts.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE NEGRO

W. H. COUNCILL

Taken from an address on "The Negro as He Is: Things as They Are," which Professor Councill, who is President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Normal, Ala., delivered at the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Bishop Allen, at Chattanooga, Tenn., February 14, 1901. Printed by permission.

I do not ask for the negro the supreme right to rule, but the God-given privilege to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. The man who counts him out at the ballot box may defeat the schemes of selfish politicians, but the man who counts the negro out of an equal and fair share to earn a dollar robs him of his birthright, sends the wolf to his door, and digs a grave for his wife and children.

But has the negro no claim upon the American government? Is there a section of the country which has not felt the warm breath of his loyalty? Is there a section which has not been bathed in the sweat of his brow, or which has not felt the uplifting influence of his toils? Is there a decade in its history, or a spot on its surface, which has not been hallowed by

his blood? Has the East ever called when he did not answer? It was Crispus Attucks who was the first to lay down his life in the Revolutionary War. Has the South ever called when he did not answer? Was he not with Jackson at New Orleans? Did he not there pile up the cotton bales which protected the Americans from British lead? Has the North ever called when he did not answer? Although he would not follow Nat Turner, although he spurned the entreaties of John Brown to rise and slay innocent women and children, still when he had a legal opportunity, he marched forward two hundred thousand strong, beneath the Stars and Stripes for his own freedom and the perpetuation of the Union. Has the whole nation ever called when he did not answer? It was the Tenth Cavalry under gallant Wheeler which planted the American standard on the heights of San Juan. True through it all, brave through it all, as was great Toussaint L'Ouverture, who provided for the safety of his master's family, then whipped the best soldiers of the world, and gained the freedom of his people and the independence of his beloved isle. What else is needed to establish the negro's title to participation in the enjoyment of the rights and liberties of this great country? He never proved false to his old master; he has been a faithful servant in peace and in war; he never struck his country a blow; he has honored her flag; he has contributed to the national industry and commerce. Now, in God's name, I ask, what else must he do?

THE NEW SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

Taken from the famous after-dinner address which Mr. Grady made at the banquet of the New England Society, New York City, December 22, 1886. This speech is found in "The Life, Writings, and Speeches of Henry W. Grady," published by the Cassell Publishing Company. Copyright by Mrs. Henry W. Grady. Printed by permission.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic

blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of the war.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of our dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat, and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not — if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of goodwill and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing

hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever."

THE SPOILS SYSTEM

CARL SCHURZ

The following extract is taken from an address delivered at the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League at Chicago, Ill., December 12, 1894.

What Civil Service reform demands, is simply that the business part of the government shall be carried on in a sound, business-like manner. This seems so obviously reasonable that among people of common sense there should be no two opinions about it. And the condition of things to be reformed is so obviously unreasonable, so flagrantly absurd and vicious, that we should not believe it could possibly exist among sensible people, had we not become accustomed to its existence among ourselves.

The spoils system, that practice which turns public offices, high and low, from public trusts into objects of prey and booty for the victorious party, may without extravagance of language be called one of the greatest criminals in our history. In the whole catalogue of our ills there is none more dangerous to the vitality of our free institutions.

It tends to divert our whole political life from its true aims. It teaches men to seek something else in

politics than the public good. It attracts to active party politics the worst elements of our population, and with them crowds out the best. It perverts party contests from contentions of opinion into scrambles for plunder. By stimulating the mercenary spirit, it promotes the corrupt use of money in party contests and in elections.

It takes the leadership of political organizations out of the hands of men fit to be leaders of opinion and workers for high aims, and turns it over to the organizers and leaders of bands of political marauders. It creates the boss and the machine, putting the boss into the place of the statesman, and the despotism of the machine in the place of an organized public opinion.

It does more than anything else to turn our large municipalities into sinks of corruption, to render Tammany Halls possible, and to make the police force here and there a protector of crime and a terror to those whose safety it is to guard. It exposes us, by the scandalous spectacle of its periodical spoils carnivals, to the ridicule and contempt of civilized mankind; and, in an endless variety of ways, it introduces into our political life more elements of demoralization, debasement, and decadence than any other agency of evil I know of, perhaps more than all other agencies of evil combined.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR

TERENCE V. POWDERLY

The following extract is taken from a speech delivered in Richmond, Va., October, 1886, in response to an address of welcome to the Knights of Labor, delivered by General Fitzhugh Lee, then Governor of Virginia. The Governor was selected to welcome the delegates to the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, and Mr. Powderly, as General Master Workman of the Order, made the following response to the Governor's address.

We are Knights of Labor because we believe that law and order should prevail, and that both should be founded in equity. We are Knights of Labor because we believe that the thief who steals a dollar is no worse than the thief who steals a railroad. To remedy the evils we complain of is a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The need of strong hearts and active brains was never so great as at the present time. The slavery that died twenty-two years ago was terrible, but the lash in the hands of the old-time slave owner could strike but one back at a time, and but one of God's poor, suffering children felt the stroke. The lash of wealth in the hands of the new slave owner falls not upon one slave alone, but upon the backs of millions, and among the writhing, tortured victims, side by side with the poor and the ignorant, are to be found the well-to-do and the educated.

The power of the new slave owner does not end when the ordinary day laborer bends beneath his rule; it reaches out still further, and controls the mechanic,

the farmer, the merchant, and the manufacturer. It dictates not alone what the price of labor shall be, but regulates the price of money as well. Do I overestimate its power? Have I made a single misstatement? If my word is not sufficient, turn to the pages of the history of to-day,—the public press,—and you will find the testimony to prove that what I have said is true. The lash was stricken from the hand of the slave owner of twenty-two years ago, and it must be taken from the hand of the new slave owner as well. The monopolist of to-day is more dangerous than the slave owner of the past. Monopoly takes the land from the people in million-acre plots; it sends its agents abroad, and brings hordes of uneducated, desperate men to this country; it imports ignorance, and scatters it broadcast throughout the land. While I condemn and denounce the deeds of violence committed in the name of labor during the present year, I am proud to say that the Knights of Labor, as an organization, is not in any way responsible for such conduct. He is the true Knight of Labor who with one hand clutches anarchy by the throat and with the other strangles monopoly.

The man who still believes in the "little red school-house on the hill" should take one holiday and visit the mine, the factory, the coal breaker, and the mill. There, doing the work of men, he will find the future citizens of the Republic, breathing an atmosphere of dust, ignorance, and vice. The history of our country is not taught within these walls. The struggle for independence and the causes leading to that struggle

are not spoken of there; the name of Washington is unknown, and the words that rang out trumpet-tongued from the lips of Patrick Henry are never mentioned. The little red schoolhouse must fail to do its work properly, since the children of the poor are obliged to pass it by on the road to the workshop. How can they appreciate the duties of citizenship when we do not take the trouble to teach them that to be an American citizen is greater than to be a king, and that he upon whom the mantle of citizenship is bestowed should part with his life before surrendering one jot or tittle of the rights and liberties which belong to him?

DEFENSE OF THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY

ALEXANDER P. DOYLE

This extract is taken from an address which Father Doyle delivered in New York City in 1895. During that year the saloon-keepers of New York endeavored to secure legislation allowing them to sell liquor after one o'clock on Sunday afternoons. A strong public sentiment was aroused and the measure was defeated. This extract is printed by permission.

There is going on to-day an organized conspiracy in which thousands of our well-meaning citizens are engaged, whose avowed purpose is to cut the heart out of our Christian Sunday. They would, under the plea of personal liberty, throw open the saloons during certain hours on that day.

I protest against this ruthless invasion of the very

sanctuary of God by the destroying foot of the Philistine, whose only God is his belly. The attack on the Christian Sunday is inspired partly by men who have no religion, partly by those who are restive under the little restraint the keeping of the law necessitates, who, I am sure, do not appreciate that, with the destruction of Sunday, will go much of the liberty we have attained and many of the sweetest joys of life. Do they not know that the so-called Continental Sunday is the outcome of the infidelity of the last century? It was grasping avarice in the revival of commerce between France and England that thought it could not afford to spare the day to God; then unwise governments, inspired not too much with the spirit of Christ, yielding to the pressure and demand of Mammon, relaxed the law that for centuries guarded the sacredness of the day.

In the name of public morality I protest against the opening of saloons at all on Sunday. The saloon is the plague spot in our civilization. It is the festering sore of immorality. It is the black spot wherein is generated the withering scourge of drunkenness. Shut up the saloons, and you may shut up nine tenths of our jails. The road from the saloon to the poorhouse, from the saloon to the insane asylum, is white with the bones of those who have fallen by the wayside in distress and agony. What! shall we give this vampire that already has poisoned the blood of the body politic still further opportunity to do unto death our civic strength? Are not six days enough for it to prey on the poor weaklings of humanity? What

has it done for the State, or the welfare of the citizens, that it should be privileged thus? It has stood in our commonwealth for years as the lawless element, going into the legislature and giving the fat bribe to the legislator, snapping its finger at every effort to enforce the law in its regard,—controlling politics in such a way that good men must either bend the knee at its shrine or beat the dust of politics off their shoes.

The butcher and the baker have been closed every Sunday for the last hundred years, and there never was a word about restricting personal liberty; but when the saloon is closed, forsooth, personal liberty, this bulwark of free government, is strangled.

In the name of the workingman I protest against this attack on the sanctities of our Sunday. If the respect for this day is broken down in one regard, grasping avarice will soon destroy all reverence for the day, and the workingman will be at the mercy of the unscrupulous employer. The workingman above all others needs this day of rest. He might yield to the demands of Mammon any other of his precious inherited rights but this. It means much to him to have this heritage protected by the strong arm of the law. If there is a surrender of any portion of the day, by what moral right can the rest of the day be saved for home and religion? I would have him resent any interference with this time-honored treasure, and particularly would I have him resent it when it is the greed of the liquor traffic that would conspire to rob him of his treasure.

It belongs to the liberty of a Christian to pass the day in peace. In the name of the truest liberty, therefore, the liberty that comes from the observance of good laws, I protest against the opening of the saloon on Sunday. I call upon all who are in accord with the best Christian sentiment, who listen with docility to the voice of the Church, to stand resolutely together and, at the Thermopylæ of religious morality and liberty, to resist the attack of the enemies of the Christian Sunday.

THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION

HENRY CABOT LODGE

An extract from a speech on "The Restriction of Immigration," delivered in the United States Senate, March 16, 1896. Printed by permission.

While the people who for two hundred and fifty years have been migrating to America have continued to furnish large numbers of immigrants to the United States, other races of totally different race origin, with whom the English-speaking people have never hitherto been assimilated or brought in contact, have suddenly begun to immigrate to the United States in large numbers. Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Italians, Greeks, and even Asiatics have during the last twenty years poured in in steadily increasing numbers, until now they nearly equal the immigration of those races kindred in blood or speech, or

both, by whom the United States has hitherto been built up and the American people formed.

This momentous fact is the one which confronts us to-day, and if continued, it carries with it future consequences far deeper than any other event of our times. It involves nothing less than the possibility of a great and perilous change in the very fabric of our race. The English-speaking race has been made slowly during the centuries. Nothing has happened thus far to radically change it here. In the United States it is still in the great essentials fundamentally the same race. The additions in this country until the present time have been from kindred people or from those with whom we have been long allied and who speak the same language.

More precious even than forms of government are the mental and moral qualities which make what we call our race. While those stand unimpaired all is safe. When those decline all is imperiled. They are exposed to but a single danger, and that is by changing the quality of our race and citizenship through the wholesale infusion of races whose traditions and inheritances, whose thoughts and whose beliefs are wholly alien to ours and with whom we have never assimilated or even been associated in the past.

The danger has begun. It is small as yet, comparatively speaking, but it is large enough to warn us to act while there is yet time and while it can be done easily and efficiently. There lies the peril at the portals of our land; there is pressing the tide of unrestricted immigration. The time has certainly come, if

not to stop, at least to check, to sift, and to restrict those immigrants. In careless strength, with generous hand, we have kept our gates wide open to all the world. If we do not close them, we should at least place sentinels beside them to challenge those who would pass through. The gates which admit men to the United States and to citizenship in the great Republic should no longer be left unguarded.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

CHARLES H. PARKHURST

The following extract is taken from a discourse delivered by Dr. Parkhurst, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, during his memorable "fight with Tammany."

The fundamental service which the Church has to render in the line of municipal or national betterment is to develop in Christians as such a civic consciousness. To an American the Stars and Stripes ought to be as actually a part of his religion as the Sermon on the Mount. Other things being equal, it is as urgently the obligation of a Christian to go to the polls on election day as it is for him to go to the Lord's table on communion day.

That sense of the holy obligation which citizenship involves must be made part of our Christian religion. It must be taught from the pulpit, rehearsed in the home, reiterated in the Sunday-school, and practised in the life. I wish the time might come when we could have our national colors displayed in

the sanctuary; not simply hung from the belfry in a shy kind of way on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February, but made a permanent part of sanctuary decoration.

The old Hebrew never thought of patriotism as anything but a constituent part of religion. To him it was religion in its political aspects. I wish there were some way in which we could make civic virtue part of our creed. It would be a tremendous gain if we could all of us come to conceive of, and to handle civic duties, such as attending the primaries and going to the polls, as lying on religious ground and contained within Christian jurisdiction.

The instant effect of such civic consciousness would be to bring the citizen into direct practical relations to his city or country, and to make him feel in regard to his city, for example, "This is my city." No matter how many mayors or aldermen or police captains you have, it is your city all the same, and no city is safe unless its citizens tread steadily on the heels of those who have been hired to do the town's business. The mayor is bound to look after the citizens, but the citizens are just as much bound to look after the mayor. The police must watch the people, but the people must watch the police.

The evil will have to be overcome with the good, and personality is the thing that will have to do it. It will have to be done by men with convictions and with the courage of their convictions. It will have to be done by men who remember always that the security and the honor of the community lies not so

much in its great statesmen, in its powerful leaders, or even in its educational advantages, as it does in the number of its men with whom righteousness is a chronic passion, civic duty a part of Christianity.

A PLEA FOR UNIVERSAL EDUCATION

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

Universal education, without distinction of race, must be encouraged, aided, and enforced. The elective franchise can never be taken away from any of those to whom it has been granted, but we can and must make education coextensive with the elective franchise; and it must be done without delay, as a measure of self-defense, and with the general coöperation of the authorities and of the people of the whole country. One half of our country has recently been, for the first time, opened to the introduction and establishment of free common schools, and there is not wealth enough in that region to provide for this great necessity. "Two millions of children without the means of instruction," was the estimate of the late Dr. Sears in 1879. Every year brings another instalment of brutal ignorance to the polls, to be subject of cajolment, deception, corruption, or intimidation. Here, here is our greatest danger for the future! The words of our lamented President Garfield come to us to-day: "All the constitutional power of the nation and of the states, and all the volunteer forces of the people, should be summoned to meet this danger, by the saving influence of universal education."

It is itself one of the great rights of a free people, to be educated and trained up from childhood to that ability to govern themselves, which is the largest element in republican self-government, and without which all self-government must be a failure and a farce, here and everywhere. It is indeed primarily a right of our children, and they are not able to enforce and vindicate it for themselves. But let us beware of subjecting ourselves to the ineffable reproach of robbing the children of their bread, and casting it before dogs, by wasting untold millions on corrupt or extravagant projects, and starving our public schools. The whole field of the Union is now open to education, and the whole field of the Union must be occupied. Free government must stand or fall with free schools. These and these alone can supply the firm foundation; and that foundation must, at this very moment, be extended and strengthened, and rendered immovable and indestructible, like that of the gigantic obelisk at Washington, if the boasted fabric of liberty is not to settle and totter and crumble.

Tell me not that I am indulging in truisms. I know they are truisms, but they are better, a thousand-fold better, than Nihilisms, or Communisms, or Fenianisms, or any of the other "isms" which are making such headway in supplanting them. No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom, not even science with all its marvelous inventions and discoveries, can help us much in sustaining this Republic. Still less can any godless theories of creation, or

any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from his rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford us any hope of security. That way lies despair! Commonplace truth, old familiar teachings, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Farewell Address of Washington, honesty, virtue, patriotism, universal education, are what the world most needs in these days, and our own part of the world as much as any other part. Without these we are lost. With these and with the blessing of God which is sure to follow, a second century of our Republic may be confidently looked forward to; and those who shall live a hundred years hence shall then exult, as we are now exulting, in the continued enjoyment of the free institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, and in honoring the memories of those who have sustained them.

PEACEFUL CONQUESTS

JOHN A. DIX

From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, taken from "Speeches and Occasional Addresses," published in 1864. Mr. Dix was United States Senator for New York from 1845 till 1849.

Our conquests have been the peaceful achievements of enterprise and industry; the one leading the way into the wilderness, the other following and completing the acquisition by the formal symbols of occupancy and possession. They have looked to no objects beyond the conversion of uninhabited wilds

into abodes of civilization and freedom. Their only arms were the axe and the ploughshare. The accumulations of wealth they have brought were all extracted from the earth by the unoffending hand of labor. If, in the progress of our people westward, they shall occupy territories not our own, but to become ours by amicable arrangements with the government to which they belong, which of the nations of the earth shall venture to stand forth, in the face of the civilized world, and call on us to pause in this great work of human improvement?

It is as much the interest of Europe as it is ours, that we should be permitted to follow undisturbed the path which, in the allotment of national fortunes, we seem appointed to tread. Our country has long been a refuge for those who desire a larger liberty than they enjoy under their own rulers. Nay, more; it is into the vast reservoir of the western wilderness, teeming with fruitfulness and fertility, that Europe is constantly pouring, under our protection, her human surpluses, unable to draw from her own bosom the elements of their support. She is literally going along with us in our march to prosperity and power, to share with us its triumphs and its fruits. Happily, this continent is not a legitimate theatre for the political arrangements of the sovereigns of the eastern hemisphere. Their armies may range, undisturbed by us, over the plains of Europe, Asia, and Africa, dethroning monarchs, partitioning kingdoms, and subverting republics, as interest or caprice may dictate. But political justice demands that in one quarter of the

globe self-government, freedom, the arts of peace, shall be permitted to work out, unmolested, the great purposes of human civilization.

THE FREE COINAGE OF SILVER

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

This extract is taken from Mr. Bryan's famous speech before the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill., July 6, 1896. This speech closed the debate on the adoption of the Democratic Platform.

Men say that we are opposing national bank currency; it is true. If you will read what Thomas Benton said, you will find he said that, in searching history, he could find but one parallel to Andrew Jackson; that was Cicero, who destroyed the conspiracy of Catiline and saved Rome. Benton said that Cicero only did for Rome what Jackson did for us when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. We say in our platform that we believe that the right to coin and issue money is a function of government. We believe it. We believe that it is a part of sovereignty, and can no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or levy taxes. Mr. Jefferson, who was once regarded as good Democratic authority, seems to have differed in opinion from the gentleman who has addressed us on the part of the minority. Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the

government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business.

And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we do not embody in our platform all the things that we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation. Shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If

they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out into the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

A PLEA FOR INTERVENTION IN CUBA

JOHN M. THURSTON

Taken from a speech delivered in the United States Senate,
March 24, 1898. Reprinted by permission.

The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving *reconcentrados* are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the *reconcentrados* in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. Men, women, and children stand silent, famishing with hunger. Their

only appeal comes from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me,—I have seen them. They will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined. Europe may tolerate her existence as long as the people of the Old World wish. God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish tyranny and oppression will have vanished from the Western Hemisphere.

The time for action has come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene—the United States of America. We must *act*! What shall our action be? Some say, "Annexation to the United States." God forbid! I would oppose annexation with my latest breath. The people of Cuba are not our people; they cannot assimilate with us; and beyond all that, I am utterly and unalterably opposed to any departure from the declared policy of the fathers which would start this Republic for the first time upon a career of conquest and dominion utterly at variance with the avowed purposes and the manifest destiny of popular government.

Mr. President, there is only one action possible, if any is taken; that is, intervention for the independence of the island; intervention that means the landing of an American army on Cuban soil, the deploying of an American fleet off Havana; intervention which says to Spain, "Leave the island, withdraw your soldiers, leave the Cubans, these brothers of ours in the New World, to form and carry on government for themselves." Such intervention on our part would not of itself be war. It would undoubtedly lead to war. But if war came, it would come by the act of Spain in resisting the liberty and the independence of the Cuban people.

A REUNITED COUNTRY

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

At the banquet given in connection with the Atlanta Peace Jubilee, on December 15, 1898, President McKinley responded to the toast "Our Country." This extract is the concluding part of his speech. Printed by permission.

The nation has been at war, not within its own shores, but with a foreign power—a war waged not for revenge or aggrandizement, but for our oppressed neighbors, for their freedom and amelioration.

It was short but decisive. It recorded a succession of significant victories on land and on sea. It gave new honors to American arms. It has brought new problems to the Republic, whose solution will tax the genius of our people. United, we will meet and solve them with honor to ourselves and to the lasting benefit

of all concerned. The war brought us together. Its settlement will keep us together.

Reunited—glorious realization! It expresses the thought of my mind and the long-deferred consummation of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty demonstration here witnessed, and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and all lovers of the Republic.

Reunited—one country again and one country forever! Proclaim it from the press and pulpit; teach it in the schools; write it across the skies. The world sees and feels it. It cheers every heart North and South, and brightens the life of every American home. Let nothing ever strain it again. At peace with all the world and with each other, what can stand in the pathway of our progress and prosperity?

THE EVILS OF LYNCHING

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

From an open letter on "Lynchings in the South," which Mr. Washington sent to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* and to other influential newspapers in the South, June 20, 1899. Reprinted by permission.

I know that some argue that the crime of lynching negroes is not confined to the South. This is true, and no one can excuse such a crime as the shooting of innocent black men in Illinois, who were guilty of no crime except that of seeking labor; but my words just now are to the South, where my home is and a part of which I am. Let other sections act as they will; I want to see our beautiful Southland free from this

terrible evil of lynching. Lynching does not stop crime. In the immediate section of the South where a colored man recently committed the most terrible crime ever charged against a member of his race, but a few weeks previous to this, five colored men had been lynched for supposed incendiarism. If lynching was a cure for crime, surely the lynching of five would have prevented another negro from committing a most heinous crime a few weeks later.

We might as well face the facts bravely and wisely. Since the beginning of the world crime has been committed in all civilized and uncivilized countries, and a certain amount of crime will always be committed, both in the North and in the South. In proportion to the numbers and intelligence of the population of the South, there exists little more crime than in several other sections of the country; but because of the lynching habit, we are constantly advertising ourselves to the world as a lawless people. We cannot disregard the teachings of the civilized world for eighteen hundred years, that the only way to punish crime is by law. When we leave this dictum chaos begins.

I am not pleading for the negro alone. Lynching injures, hardens, and blunts the moral sensibilities of the young and tender manhood of the South. Never shall I forget the remark by a little nine-year-old white boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair. The little fellow said to his mother after he had returned from a lynching: "I have seen a man hanged; now I wish I could see one burned." Rather than hear such a remark from one of my little boys, I would prefer seeing him laid

in his grave. This is not all ; every community guilty of lynching, says in so many words to the Governor, to the Legislature, to the sheriff, to the jury and to the judge, "I have no faith in you and no respect for you. We have no respect for the law which we helped to make."

I should be a great hypocrite and a coward if I did not add that which my daily experience teaches me is true, that the negro has among many of the Southern whites as good friends as he has anywhere in the world. These friends have not forsaken us. They will not do so ; neither will our friends in the North. If we make ourselves intelligent, industrious, economical, and virtuous, of value to the community in which we live, we can and will work out our own salvation right here in the South. In every community, by means of organized effort, we should seek in a manly and honorable way, the confidence, the coöperation, the sympathy of the best white people in the South and in our respective communities. With the best white people and the best black people standing together, in favor of law and order and justice, I believe that the safety and happiness of both races will be made secure.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

An extract taken from a speech delivered at Dallas, Texas,
October 26, 1887.

The world is a battlefield, strewn with the wrecks of government and institutions, of theories and of faiths

that have gone down in the ravage of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sunset ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the East, and watch for the coming sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends to us, minister to her, and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation is ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up, from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life. Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself, and the boy that shall follow me; every man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart, that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interest, advance her fortune, defend her fame, and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her feet and last in her service. No hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

With such consecrated service, what could we not

accomplish? What riches we should gather for her, what glory and prosperity we should render to the Union? What blessings we should gather into the universal harvest of humanity! As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call, from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-sides the treasures from which their resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, her homes happy and their hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused, and poor-houses empty; her churches earnest, and all creeds lost in the Gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her gently as from the wings of the unseen dove.

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Taken from an oration on "The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times," delivered before the Literary Societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., August 5, 1856. This extract is here reprinted, by special permission, from the "Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis." Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease, loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, and child, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plow, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love as beautiful to those young men as it is to us who stand upon their graves. But, because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out bravely to fight for them, and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell, and were buried; but they can never die. Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener

are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom.

Gentlemen, while we read history we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years ago, Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God, that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylæ, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they can not conquer. And, so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves, and mighty as the sea.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Taken from a speech on the retention of the Philippine Islands,
delivered in the United States Senate, March 7, 1900.
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Like every great nation, we have come more than once in our history to where the road of fate divided. Thus far we have never failed to take the right path. Again are we come to the parting of the ways. Again a momentous choice is offered to us. Shall we hesitate and make, in coward fashion, what Dante calls "the great refusal?" Even now we can abandon the Monroe doctrine, we can reject the Pacific, we can shut

ourselves up between our oceans, as Switzerland is inclosed between her hills, and then it would be inevitable that we should sink out from among the great powers of the world and heap up riches that some stronger and bolder people, who do not fear their fate, might gather them. Or we may follow the true laws of our being, the laws in obedience to which we have come to be what we are, and then we shall stretch out into the Pacific; we shall stand in the front rank of the world powers; we shall give to our labor and our industry new and larger and better opportunities; we shall prosper ourselves; we shall benefit mankind. What we have done was inevitable because it was in accordance with the laws of our being as a nation, in the defiance and disregard of which lie ruin and retreat.

✓ We are told that the possession of these islands brings a great responsibility upon us. This I freely admit. A great nation must have great responsibilities. It is one of the penalties of greatness. But the benefit of responsibilities goes hand in hand with the burdens they bring. The nation which seeks to escape from the burden also loses the benefit, and if it cowers in the presence of a new task and shirks a new responsibility, the period of its decline is approaching. That fatal hour may draw near on leaden feet, but weakness and timidity are sure signs that it is coming, be its progress swift or slow. 'These islands, I well know, impose upon us new and great responsibilities, and I do not doubt that we shall make mistakes in dealing with them before we reach complete success; but I firmly believe that they will enure to our lasting benefit.

The pioneer does not open up new regions to his fellow-men by staying in warm shelter behind the city walls. A cloistered virtue is but a poor virtue after all. Men who have done great things are those who have never shrunk from trial or adventure. If a man has the right qualities in him, responsibility sobers, strengthens, and develops him. The same is true of nations. The nation which fearlessly meets its responsibilities rises to the task when pressure is upon it. 16..

I do not believe that this nation was raised up for nothing. I have faith that it has a great mission in the world—a mission of good, a mission of freedom. I believe that it can live up to that mission; therefore I want to see it step forward boldly and take its place at the head of the nations. I wish to see it master of the Pacific. I would have it fulfill what I think is its manifest destiny if it is not false to the laws that govern it. I am not dreaming of a primrose path. I know well that in the past we have committed grievous mistakes and paid for them, done wrong and made heavy compensation for it, stumbled and fallen and suffered. But we have always risen, bruised and grimed sometimes, yet still we have risen stronger and more erect than ever, and the march has always been forward and onward. Onward and forward it will still be, despite stumblings and mistakes as before, while we are true to ourselves and obedient to the laws which have ruled our past and will still govern our future. But when we begin to distrust ourselves, to shrink from our own greatness, to shiver before the responsibilities which come to us, to retreat

in the face of doubts and difficulties, then indeed peril will be near at hand.

OUR OPPORTUNITY IN THE ORIENT

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Abridged from a speech on the Philippines, delivered in the United States Senate, January 9, 1900. Reprinted by permission.

The Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the Constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustee, under God, of the civilization of the world.

This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. If it should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected when we will; every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. China is our natural customer. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the East. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American Republic.

But if they did not command China, India, the Orient, the whole Pacific for purposes of offense, defense, and trade, the Philippines are so valuable in themselves that we should hold them. I have cruised more than two thousand miles through the archipelago, every moment a surprise at its loveliness and wealth. I have ridden hundreds of miles on the islands, every foot of the way a revelation of vegetable and mineral riches. No land in America surpasses in fertility the plains and valleys of Luzon.

Consider the imperial dimensions of these islands. Luzon is larger and richer than New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, or Ohio. Mindanao is larger and richer than all New England. Manila, as a port of call and exchange, will, in the time of men now living, far surpass Liverpool. Behold the exhaustless markets they command! It is as if a half-dozen of our states were set down between Oceana and the Orient, and those states themselves undeveloped and unspoiled of their primitive wealth and resources. Nothing is so natural as trade with one's neighbors; the Philippines make us the nearest neighbors of all the East. Nothing is more natural than to trade with those you know. The Philippines bring us permanently face to face with the most sought-for customers of the world. National prestige, national propinquity, these and commercial activity are the elements of commercial success. The Philippines give the first; the character of the American people supply the last. It is a providential conjunction of all the elements of trade, of duty, and of power.

AN ADDRESS TO WORKINGMEN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The address from which the following extract is taken was delivered to the workingmen of Chicago, at their annual Labor Day picnic, September 3, 1900. Printed by permission.

It must always be a peculiar privilege for any thoughtful public man to address a body of men predominantly composed of wage-workers, for the foundation of our whole social structure rests upon the material and moral well-being, the intelligence, the foresight, the sanity, the sense of duty, and the wholesome patriotism of the wage-worker. This is doubly the case now; for, in addition to each man's individual action, you have learned the great lesson of acting in combination. In addressing you, the one thing that I wish to avoid is any mere glittering generality, any mere high-sounding phraseology. When we come to dealing with our social and industrial needs, remedies, rights and wrongs, a ton of oratory is not worth an ounce of hard-headed, kindly common sense.

The fundamental law of healthy political life in this great Republic is that each man shall in deed, and not merely in word, be treated strictly on his worth as a man; that each shall do full justice to his fellow, and in return shall exact full justice from him. Each group of men has its special interests; and yet the higher, the broader and deeper interests are those which apply to all men alike; for the spirit of brotherhood in American citizenship, when rightly understood

and rightly applied, is more important than aught else. Let us scrupulously guard the special interests of the wage-worker, the farmer, the manufacturer, and the merchant, giving to each man his due and also seeing that he does not wrong his fellows; but let us keep ever clearly before our minds the great fact that, where the deepest chords are touched, the interests of all are alike and must be guarded alike.

Before us loom industrial problems, vast in their importance and their complexity. The last half-century has been one of extraordinary social and industrial development. The changes have been far-reaching; some of them for good, and some of them for evil. It is not given to the wisest of us to see into the future with absolute clearness. No man can be certain that he has found the entire solution of this infinitely great and intricate problem, and yet each man of us, if he would do his duty, must strive manfully so far as in him lies to help bring about that solution.

We can build up the standard of individual citizenship and individual well-being, we can raise the national standard and make it what it can and shall be made, only by each of us steadfastly keeping in mind that there can be no substitute for the world-old, humdrum, commonplace qualities of truth, justice and courage, thrift, industry, common sense, and genuine sympathy with others. The nation is the aggregate of the individuals composing it, and each individual American ever raises the nation higher when he so conducts himself as to wrong no man, as to suffer no wrong from others, and as to show both his sturdy

capacity for self-help and his readiness to extend a helping hand to his neighbor sinking under a burden too heavy for him to bear.

Let us strive to make the conditions of life such that, as nearly as possible, each man shall receive the share to which he is honestly entitled and no more ; and let us remember at the same time that our efforts must be to build up, rather than to strike down, and that we can best help ourselves, not at the expense of others, but by heartily working with them for the common good of each and all.

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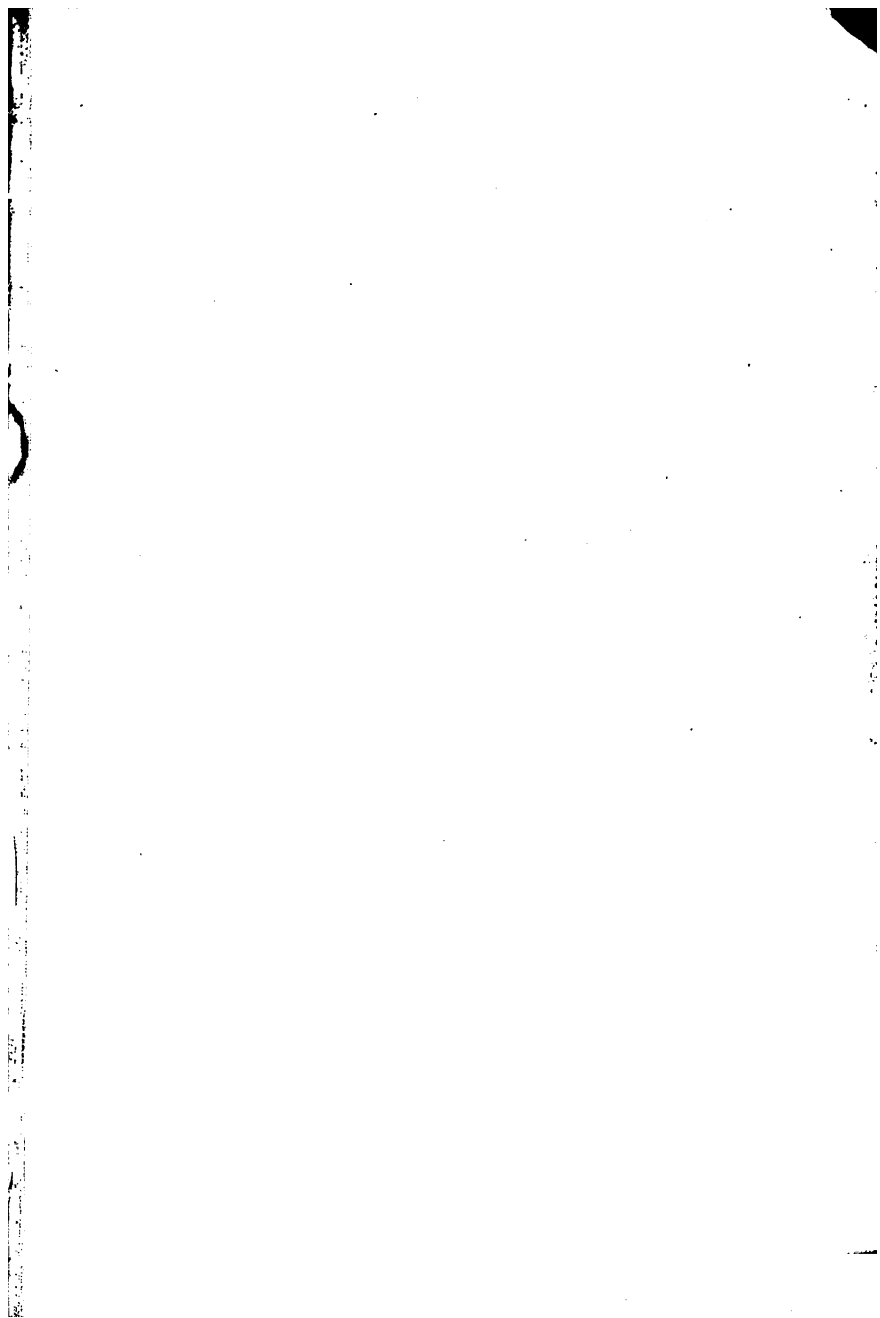
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